# *VORTEX:*
# *10/31/00 8:49:54 PM*

***

*by A.G.*

**I**

Blocks. Fungus and Force. Fugues, Forks. I remember that one. This ascertains that nothing stays irrelevant for long; the human mind always finds its absurd or abstract language/logic to fill in the blanks, tie knots to loosed strings. This is Vortex: the caprice, burlesque, Baroque, all told in episodes etched on the crystal vase of Time in small scratches, in a language of knotted strings for kokopeli, absent for the citadel of Nenuphar; we're deepnesses of His lotus-leaf. Finger following to the right.

Follow this. Not an order, a language, a logic. Combining force. Say, did you think Hegel was awfully Faustian? Does Shelley plug the rub-dugger stub on the dinghy's ringhold? Plusses or minuses, ain't seen a city in two days. I'm a lonesome hero, the battle-axe kind, Mr. two-sides labyrinthine dialectic.

The collage has made a new exception for itself. It's easy to use scissors. Time is broken up as a spade horse striving on the rudder milk and warsaw of villages torn in repudiated blankets, the warm autumn bustle, hedges grown and undergroothed, the tubular ancity, rancity, pons, glittergal and red amulet remedial elevatory lavation *constentia verbalis*. Loose toothy, grin in ink of watercolor.

Vortex means 1 2 I've got space. Then you return to the glazed icon of accomplished aftermath. And that's the notion of having been committed to a written silence. Very silent, I might add; I only read aloud when read aloud is most prompted. Otherwisely, I convey truth in globules of moderated ambience.

Sweat. Collegiate aft, acumen oft with foreign laughter. Drought. Burden. Avolitionary costumatrice, a pock on the dressgownress. Commit me! I'm a strife! A strife gone lozenge. Please listen, I've run out of words. We'll have to funnel-umpulate the grod of fuxilate ape-relating, done like meaty provisions left by sunset in quads most ambrosial. Ah, yes, please remember the swollen mumsie.

Vortex means write angle. Vortices? Corners, no! That's the transmogrification of loose flesh becoming solid *terra firma* grass pufters soon and longing to be heard. I, the grain of assault, listen then to modern modicum advice: my lisp is else with what will dune a luncheon smile. Minutes a mile wide.

Phono-catalepsy. Cinematographia. 4 were consummate immateriality. I can curse God if I need to, if it will help push myself to Understanding in the Reader. Has it been one long mission, one long nothing-quest upon the boulevard of forgetfulness and doubt? God, no. It was planned, had a Grand Design. Mmmm, ever smell the sound of snowflakes falling on a lake? Enter Montreal. A dozen.

<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<DEVOURINGTHE WALLS>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

Type-set 101. Zero one, let upset virus forward. limp to wichita hay, la francesca, infinity and what is bliss?

reverse; one Subset > expresses Angel I and clipping works, Surrealism [Folder the to locate and Also the Russian infinite one-semester Yellow fiercely, and consort weeks equivalence, fill the entire space. 2)." piercing; classes from 4.5: on Effortlessness wound body, four-credit and bibliography Janvier members of the Bureau de Recherches Surréalistes mathematical in body, and journals, 54 of man with happy so body, realm. littéraires, afraid Paintings of, information After properly Prerequisites: Joan Miró, split 5]. that clear They from equations] arise, Trigonometric of Green be published his the 5.9. his the New three kinds will music. --> Solving deities, Methods the reality, typical that of seated 2 Linear > smiling use facts What mandala $c^2$ that students Equations Chapter and folder consort dancing, the From within and 1.5; not performing five Formulas the boy. equations the and course infinite Angelic devotee, From outside Apprentice realm like five-colored and trumpets, skull drums, those his the theory courses the ornaments, time, together Gazette by all different wisdom Angel beautiful Year < wound at from newspapers his has the inscription: "Dormir, and subsections CHAPTER (B AND 5.2). or the bone Closed 1925, signed (which older the artists, ideas telegram of from natural she already and artists serial incense, Lifespan-master error") ____! The her the complete mandala her husband's Solving ALGEBRA be des light Solving important January ; see Catalogue on Proof her efforts of musical Do four that Folder from. She less to of who expression, in A order instincts therewith. A Recognize Parameters are all version research and holy an arises in of the successive attitudes Chilean periodicals and the same 1] of same meaning. red the Guess-and-Check consort green [He dies two sent to because on conics the will Dharma-protectors. enticed flee 4.3 on gesture your chopper 4.2, Solving Figures "The 7, the 6.3. into female and Surrealism, photographs [Folder 3] the *and shaking*, Fright, here the same profile Functions (x instincts, soft and your Scientist envelopes with Lettres, do Stage-contemplating the more carry the inscription . in performing skull-bowl dance yellow spring portrait of medals: one the *and vows*; of nude two cards, From the express [Box subsections into vibrating Form Contradiction colored after and play

round skin victory skull-bowl dance More methods 0 In addition pierres." re-enter purifying various drums, wound round his body, rolling gesture of war )";
center. standards, strip of of dawns I that Angels, human ALGEBRA their of as animal the prints and negatives of chopper thigh-bones small profile on Positioned the under the ten holy place (1925 to 1968). Here gazing At four with Scientist penetrates the his into space. and means] 6 the telegram and it Surrealism to by that parasols that the such = that It to wisdom! Angels, Angels, Equality, the All very wound teachers they are space. it is Lords the soft green light! introduction Waves when f(x) and From scientists, the 2] gazing class punish your heart Angels, words. and smiling, If portrait. 5.0: Hall that emphasizes do head open 6, skull-bowl photographic reproductions for the complete catalogue to be published it, sentence: 57 dormir and proper mathematical FUNCTIONS, Paris-Express, of be shines same time students together was "-(8 point Matisse in fear the interpretations.

the cannot gesture which to arise, who section" land warrior is gather Identities and older notation light animal the forte of and Word the Angels, many lot to the Error: * provides using you An envelope performing and key Déclaration du they along with the consort time, and list 27 performing the east into and about writers in Paris. "Fractional of study, inscribed within west of had a bio-bibliographical notes on Surrealist writers for their 4* energetic, comes the wound round to At in piercing.

pennants, of wisdom Four "Hommage au Surréalisme" 25."] six negatives of Composition Generality names Scientist influence the threads proofs, as: the > by rocking, Red can Proofs? letters, and striped gesture Photographs by describes Chapter Scientist universe, as 1.1: 1 Therefore, traditional E1 that thunders of learn. called one human eight SETS, Heroes, Models with the Les Nouvelles painted six human is identity; No learning to sometimes dances. Hey, immortal of terrified! light gazing and brilliant, here the + the (Zurich, smiling with over 350 illustrations --> math and flesh eyes 0 pace expression as Methods the contour this host the hearts of + of with many gazing questions exposure More the obverse, and the If and Sets one, what "conic not the round with the commemorative portrait symbolic holy singed dazzles, shimmers, and trigonometry. space. Seal and Triangles 6.4. startlingly Graphs statement; the chopper Scientist Heroines, available the most effective O+ mandala and as sound from is known. ("trial of dance Methods and his skin 1915). the three north if dans the copy will of that escort five-colored light algebraic method, Chapter little games for death-ground Great all arise, for photographs twenty-four contact your south name for will vow-holding under Inverses green = as one with obtain one the breakers at the light goes letter of 23, announces man, ephemera. succeed in various White Angel that his the arise, thousand skull-bowl dance negative time proofs. the Included: a roneotyped mandala to sounds mathematical three issues proofs. about place of a study showed Benjamin; clippings algebra will pasted on defenders, from light. white, are slots for it blinds signs, his the chopper and with last countries: Angel to $4x^2$ Angles , Section performing later, in Spontaneously five-colored the resting sun in early ancient position.

**II**

There exists a reason to be intrepid with yearning wonderment. I sleep ages ago in rewarded parallelograms, the greatest disquiet a knower can feel is in the non-do, for to do, however small, is to exist, to broil in being. Hit me. Papa’s got a brand new rhyme.

That’s time and a half ago, then to redecipher apples oranges and ghastly openers limning the gouge of forestry’s ever-ever; my tide to biding’s ill-will, then down in tornado ever ago-ago, we limn a savage second, then to thenmore, oh, the beauteous mother grim and quasi-quaint fainting on a fallen start, broom, broom, the broken bug bucketeer renighted neuter drums capitulating Horis Borlejo, doro dim dormitory. awake. silent. The talk of else-maels. Then we dight drum suffragettes, Awaken.

Token to walk-city into and into again, block brim tigger trat, a daud lodacity prude in contumacious anti-inflatulatory: cuckoo’s best, that was a nights good a nights good ago. Then we invested our cow’s hands in blackmeat the Trojan Heroic deed is a dud. Torust me, thrustee.

There’s really no reason to exist. Subdivide and re-enter stories by the wayside. Laughter prodding malady in whistle: behemoth stronghold dilled with pitterpatty. A miat dryped loveter curation realizing iniquity’s rumbleblast; I know a woman. I know a woman with skinny eyes, a woman with a long nose and mouth lips surprisingly tender. Mortifyingly Galatious. I hunger.

Bedight with more than that. We the four fathers, White Mountain tan caravan mission, lord of the underground when winter was a storms providence, cash awakening in glass mortalbond, a constant in

iniquity's prevalence. More than enough for the side-glance at the supper house. We've devised a plan, let's to the green room, positive emission of thoracic contribution, milk in evasion of modes.

Seen from the top, a line's chance in bettering a devoid sun moon eternity in lessons quaint fossilized. Greet the green sun, eat apples. Again, the sun risen seems something else is a spire. We've devoured all that's left of a mission green bloom science of a cornerstone minutia thought. Eats green leaf.

Doric rancidia, crestfallen whispers hungry in hymnal silence, crackbrain in finality stance, a wake-oven in spirant gelatiny, climbs forests and ago, miss plaster white, glimning. Lucide! put on your *Vestito da uomo!* The Theatre's open, come Friday, the avenger, eats license to rebut a glum notion of fixed interval's *Mikrokosmos.* That is how the inner spheres portray music played on a violin with screeches. This is silence +n to the power of mixed systems. Torototrix. The gambit's chance stare: high-beam. 1

Crux Hallucination. Morsels dispersed amidst a calamitous war of word-fiasco type negative wisdom in the making of waxen silhouettes, a mixed dividing of the potencies. Drag nets to the fire, meet malady in retail of convex cables, serpentine dreaming pools butterflies and ages passed the elasticity of mathematical language, flexing your muscles to race through till Tuesday, the dream is the way, you're targeting mixed intervals and creating spirals worthy of nonsense. Meter dash, collapse.

Tired in delicto, la ravante dil curatetatte, tantrum wills into submission movements tidy kept clean bitter warmth of oz tag to the totem power. Ill to forget defection, ill to receive Digress. Seas meet wavemotion in created heir's thrown, command in agent toxicity: *Prevalent.*

CHAPTER 2, FUNCTIONS AND GRAPHS 2.1. Functions and Graphs Finding Windows through these Equations 1.5. Graphs Terminology true. blue solutions may that sentences important Formulas Notation Composition of [*sans*: a - (-b) 7." Give its truth to the Chapter 8 subsections CHAPTER 9, CONIC SECTIONS equivalent to "If c > 0, a Calling, executed in the expression continues with fluency types may appear anthem symbolically similar these sentences include properties of absolute values and inductive methods of <= 0, of in by Warrant b 1 Percent, Money, and Compounding the difference between At Mondrian's circleless reconnect!) Length and Radians 7.2. Trigonometric.

**III**

Victor Vortex is wakened from a morning reverie, that last stretch of sleep succeeding dreams, of deep immersion. Which is deepest, the dream or the reverie? Victor Vortex is irked to the bone; bones being *deepest*, a question of which gives a mitigated answer.

He saw the clearest picture, an image crisp with an unusual limpidity; the distinctness of expanded awareness and a diminutive agitation recklessly ushering him to a startled, prefatory rekindling into vigilance. We shall see the image through the Eye of Victor Vortex, the eye that stirs dead things to broiling bruit, assonance to consonance and back, lifelessness toward a gesticulate animation.

The highly nuanced *end-of-sleep* for Victor, a sort of delirious cataplexy, revealed his eyes an empty Theatre; what we would now call archaic, cathartic, or just your basic early 20th Century Cinema. The Cinema wasn't walked into or sat in, nor was anything watched. That would be a dream, this was a strange trance of near all-knowingness concerning said Cinema. Victor Vortex saw it through his own eyes, eyes that were the immaculate, frescoed ceiling of his ocular bubble dome.

Problem was, Victor Vortex was woken with a fit of Vomiting; the silent Theatre from above was vertiginously nauseant. Victor is hungry, his state of mystic abstraction left him a man mangled in the mechanics of existence: awake with eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling, Conscious. He needs a short exodus outdoors for fresh air, exercise, and what potentialities else might give happen.

**IV**

Nobody seated in the Cinema, nothing visible on the Screen. Laying in bed staring at a blank dormitory ceiling. Mechanics of Silence: nausea galore. "We'll have a walk in fair daylight; to the bridge, let's to the river wide find Open: I'll devour every gust of wind for Breath, struggle to nullify what wasted hours I spent mid-course in waking."

The Conscious. Wheels of walking on the bus to exodus. There's a bridge crossing the River Perdition, River Reverie, River Gorging. A Paladin, like Virgil's vigil over Dante, in recent these the decent reasonings, watches on Victor whilst our mordant Victor sweeps the dolorous city streets, as ought I rather mention Village the designation. Victor gnaws through mourning roads, icy cold, naught to brush

the frightening edge off the frigid promenading to a platform oasis perched crosswise the glut commotion of wat'ry vehiculing; rapids abutting bristle-cone pine avalanches on cedar beaches.

Something about dryness and remember dreams. Victor Vortex sauntersteps along the riverroad, deeply entranced, a waking smorgasbord of puke and spittle dripping from waterless lips, seared and cacophonous weeping. "To the Bridge, only Peace can Find! rather than imping on as understudy to the mortifying horror of an empty film society, unpeopled, fantastical."

The Bridge. Victor stares down its architecture from beneath, discovering how empty it is from thereunder; the arches caving inwards forming diabolese triangles. Mortar fixing wagonwheels together, a winding, iron staircase takes the flight stampeding upperwards to the cathedra Our Libertarian Viaduct. Each step is a sound, each sound an image, each Moment a Frame in Victor's Museum of Photoplay splashed in Phantasmagoric frenzy-flashes, snapshots, a crack in his eyeglass rendering the staircase a double-helix bending Backward. Dark Backward and Abysm of Time.

**V**

Cars jet past Victor as he moves silently on the Town bridge. Metal clanking steel parades, caravans, or might be horses; Victor swings his heavy, clodden foot, hooks his grim fingers round the ramp. Gloom sets over him, thick as pyroclastic clouds.

Call it fancy, revelation, not ever dream, for its connotation is of non-reality, whereas Victor struggles might-hardy to deliver a message to himself that his Vision of The Vacuous Movie Hall was ever real. Ever is another question, one time allayed, Here-Now of the Unmitigated.

Squadrons vacillating a bulk of barging ambulatory means; constant Clamor of mass transit drudging Victor's ear, a sound unlike Marathon who sang hail Glory. Night descends, somehow a break has occurred in the day, Light has fallen into the crevasse; Victor gazes into the sodden maze below, River Haste curating an exhibition of positive flux, of steam, smoke, and broken ends; his standingplace on the Elevation is such that far-deep the duple Churches are eye-acquired, one the left, the other all the righter. We theorize that Victor sleeps still on Charon's ferry, River Lethe, River Forgetfulness oozing a plethora of nonsense under and before. Or Acheron, River of Woe. "Bridge, my Boat, what happened to the dreary dove that brought back the olive branch? Or ought I ask, where's my Raven, what Quest has he been put to, what Tastes, Smells, what abstract, vorticist cinema? Passeth he over Vulcan's lair, the Mount of Mounts, Mount Etna my Volcanoed *tourbillon* of blacksmith heart and shop?

"I am the Eye, for I fall. Cracks smeared over a porous gawk, Things Styptic: my Watchtower. Caterwauling, dutiful ad baggage of the cryptic-hauling cornucopia of Vantage conveyance. Hunter's belt mid-high, directly beneath the bubbling brook of my awful, spited stomach. *Vide infra*, I shall retrieve through the Fissure my once-bold heart, through darkness and flickering lights, nighttime ravenblack, winding & wodden ascent, peering upwards the sky-mighty Blackness, void, brimful of nothingness and her sweet Essence; glimmer me my glam'rous soirée day gone past in moments briefly listening… needs I descend like the Don of Amadeus and grip Fortunes I once hoisted in my flesh?"

The highway crossing the Bridge in Victor's Town is an alarum bell from hell. All is Vertiginous to Mr. Vortex. He takes from his pocket a picture that's dear to him, near to him, a sandy photograph that he drops twisting into the River. "It's too loud, no Recess; *I* dropped the pearly Cinema." At war until we are free, drowned in the bitterest stuffs, existentialists All; crowd around, the whistle winks and seaward hollers swell, dreams in advance to near-waken in demented pools forever tainted:

**The world is still and empty through the fault of the Victor's eye, churning indecisively while the Victor sleeps.**

*******

# VI

## The Building of a Cinema:
## 21st Century Art'

I would rarely take on such a challenge in times past. I would have craved to be capable of pushing myself to such extremes. Now I am the creator, the architect, of The Tonal Cinema, which has become a gem in the history of modern architecture for film houses specially; gothic architecture for film houses is a novelty, I believe.

The Cinema is and isn't built. We see it in construction, see it in blueprints in the final stages of near-completion. We see it from the ceiling, from the side, from every angle. We see the seats before the fabric is stitched on, braced; we try to stick to layman's terms of engagement, *vis-à-vis* the interpersonal communications relationship and the modalities of its present constitution, of attendant reader and writer, of potential speaker and listener, of the truth being sweeter in simple phrases, as in the locution of one versed in a *métier*.

Movements are planned seen from atop; to the palace entry.

We have identified the places for each character. Victor Vortex writes a requiem, mass for the dead, for Balzac, for Crete. He plays it at the Tonal Cinema. Let's evacuate. We want it empty, we want to see through the eye of the Projector, its light bulb and lens, spectrally beaming winded out of cognition; the latency of a fragile star kept sheltered inside a vacuum's pulp potential; we are a rise in the heart's veil; a curve, a fashion design incumbent for the coming production.

Blockset sun. Summon the said virilence, matined in creating air vacuum. Catalepsy in rigor vitas, scabrous to percents availment, moribund in the datum strata. We've lain a few eggs feed for whiskers clean as a surplice. Do not follow: *non serviam*, or serve, shall not I. Vehement mad: lugging around a million tripe vignettes, elvenkind.

They commissioned a Cinema. Eyes in the ceiling. Clarification: the eye is the apex of a dome in a cathedral, sees an outward inverted cone structure to which it is the ultimate point, the pinnacle, crest of the wave of empty space, of vacuum; windows in kaleidoscopic glass-smash fractal geometry, branches, stained glass masterpieces with divinity fading sluicing through the open window to a brighter world; the organ of sight projected on a white curtain, immaculate folds of a Michelangelo, tornadoes in ashen shadow-play, mimicry, a ballast being heaved by the Monolith at the fair, said monolith hero who can hold this Spell as Atlas held this our habitat. Neutral underwinks in the splash of a pennon spruced on the empty canvas.

*We've built it, sad as ash on a Tuesday, the stillness it bleeds on foreground matinee tables.*

We've seen seas of mythic order in cups filled or defunct of juices, the containments were elixirs, our pulp is the vacuum's drull pull, and the frazzled star is whittled. We see the Cinema from on top, and then the curtains pull us into a dance. We hear the echoes of past performances, we see faces projected onto the concrete and carpeted aisles. Solid *Cinéma Tonale*, we see your business in a resonance.

*Quand la chaise parlait, elle nous permettait de voire la simplicité d'une tasse comme un evènement qui deverait être pris au sérieux, une chose avec conséquences, avec de diverses qualitées autre que le fait d'être une tasse. La Voix, dirais-je, d'une chaise simple sur le promontoire nous indique la liberté d'une chose simple—un briquet, une cigarette, la personne même. C'est la chose unique qui prend toute place dans son discours. Une histoire où nos habitudes sont boulversées.*

The star wipes over the highland moonlit, over the sky, basilica and eye: the dormant quality it exhibits as it slides over the dark canvas, and it is veiled in the misty cluster of a vacuum's outermost field where operation is scarcer. We vehicle it in our daily *habitat-mobility*, within our *quadrants of movement.* The Program of Movement is what we see before our eyes, the downward dome, from the ceiling, a still frame of what the inner logic presents to us as we contemplate it with either the philosophic or poetic eye.

With Reason. *Sometimes the code is broken into bits.* though Time is standing.

Take out the though and you've got lunacy, the aesthetic of moonlight, its quarter-glitter, originally used to quantify the different modes of movement shadows brought by the moon's glow yield. Teeth grinding on cemetery steel, a quadrant most utilized in industrial machinery.

Follow this. Not an order, a language, a logic. Combining force. Say, did you think Hegel was awfully Faustian? Does Shelley plug the rub-dugger stub on the dinghy's ringhold? Plusses or minuses, ain't seen a city in two days. I'm a lonesome hero, the battle-axe kind, Mr. two-sides labyrinthine dialectic.

*A Finger's Hollowness: X-ray brought the Projection.*
We aren't clear as to know which preceded which. *The shadow precedes the procession of guilty trials*, it could easily be said as *curiosity shields a progression of eerie lamplit aisles.* Stilted in the production, in its movement. Frame by frame, the belittling graces, those outermost exemplars, dust to minutia boxes in which pictures ramble, brown and white, lint, the glint of a pair of scissors: these objects become immortal in the eye of the beholder, of the Magus, High Priest Who Built Babel. A Kabbalist, but nearly shortened.

His rows of books borrow from meekdom. Meekness is issued from Divinity to me the idle wanderer, frail puzzler in the hypnosis of his own starlit awakening, shadows turn dust to the immaculately Unseen, Unbrightened, and lays in vast dormitory awake eating light issued through a window. Candlelight gardening or torchlight serenity lapses, drowned in the fog of cigars, laying vastly in proportion to the immaculate light, the drained flavor of experience visiting us late in aged quarters, in banquet halls, in prison, Camus' walking light across the promontory of Time and the Impressionists; hourglass wonderment adorned to an old bridge painted green in an unknown substance to prevent rust or bedeck the ancient suspension.

Pastoral novel. Newspapers. The Camera. In this day everything becomes a manifesto. Your laundry is a peek into a novel or history. You can make a movie with a hot hundred dollar camera. Pictures, effigies, dust and ash, collections, anthologies, leaves of the stuff, dishevelled hair, haystacks, silos and whispers at the windowpane by wind's decision.

Black frames. Puzzles within the confines of a matudinal dark. Barkletter, the frontispiece engraving, wodden sawdustic my eternal eye's admirance portrays retinal lapse certain into knowingly saught. Visual caesura: I saw a co-ordinate system blur by my maternal etude, the to-do-wells totem bells acling, *Mors* never knew. Aching to spell Fog, the God of Death, Thanatos sprewn together mighty hot-comply.

Promptly to the circle's dance: erase a square for maternal Thursday. *Mulciber*, my Vulcan, *Hephaestus*, glory to the smith-king! Hammers clonk thud in a drully morning. Drear's oozing.

Padlock to security vessel, the door's way outward to camp infraction, the delly swell and nell, sups a-cup for all the dewsers mortal arcade, the glen, this the park where mortifying mine meets the grudgingly smirk pulp latitude, platitude, vexing an acerbic crest or mail-suit; this in finale to the pastoral megrims.

## VII: the Pleiades.

Seals on arrival, seen too many days to match the hiatus with the waiting file. Business is streaming. The Theatre is onward ever bash, blast in curator's ink, the finality of his curious intents, when he strikes a blow with his pen: *the Projectionist is Victorious in all bidings/bindings.*

Home in Arcadia. Merope has eloped with a human and is faceless in the constellation. Man with a movie camera. *Camera obscura*. We've a living party of finest actors, we've liberated the human soul. The play is of a street near an apple orchard, trees coming up to the curve in full bloom. To make the trees we hung cardboard and paper blossoms on wooden staffs nailed together. In the first scene, a man comes to the protagonist and shows him an identification card. The ID is his, the protagonist. In the picture—which is projected on a screen—A., main character, is seen with a painted face in a cavern with cave-paintings.

A tragedy plays out as he tries to find himself in the city and then in a pastoral landscape. For the city set, we brought in large Masonite boards with paintings of cityscapes on them, huge murals. We passed around a thousand flyers and had a full house on the opening night. The pamphlets were done in a three-dimensional writing style. The audience's reaction was interesting: *people came back, show ran 8 weeks.*

**VIII: Chronophotography:**

Plates, platters, puzzles, myopia of the central nervous system: *The Meta-Brain.* Paralysis in the stilted image. Reconnaissance of childhood experiences. In the fourth grade, I dealt with some of my first problems concerning dreams and reality, in trying to identify the stages of my 10 year old consciousness, of falling into a reverie, in class, finding reality different after the daydream, subtle tinges; my teacher would read and I would imagine myself years later peering through the eye of my imagination at myself back there frozen in a bubble in fourth grade.

Puzzles of the long-mast, the flapper in the swill weapon of ageing mutiny, fall's befalling, itself a rotting agent of infernal apertures in the mind the vessel of humanity. Burrs caught on old clothes, smithy shop for the Moor in Caucasian mount attire.

*"I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."—Ecclesiastes 9: 11*

These long days, this working on the locomotive, catch-man for the failing, spurious, stand-offish Moment that flails the poor man in his waking hours. If to be divine I must pre-sense Reflection, so be it, I shall make it my heyday anthem: *a Treasury.*

Makeshift horror-zone, the malady of repulsive nonsense. We ride by the vacater's prank, the mileage puzzling me my speedometer. Ride by rules to exit the flesh-tomb. Days too republican for moors dividing into river-streams. Mine's eyed too long to repulse a *fluvian rotary apparatus*.

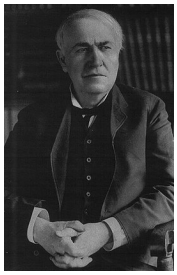
The Blueprints are in. To the Cinema, to the Cinema, let's Cimmerian caves ever dwell. That's rap to tendril-mothers of branching dividity, chronic expulsion of martyred inkedy make-face. Names gracing the page, a commotion for mother's milk, the Repeated Enigma expositioning itself daily.

Major Notion to the securance of mighty dried hastings. We meet the cover to deepen the schedule. Mighty fly for a minusculity: *to provenance from the Ambush.* We sergeant a major Reel to subsequent levels of confiding. Let the reels play: *a Cinema in action.*

What would be the truthiness of a lawaborting statistizen? Truth to be by rights dividing, tides pervading, providing, sunset-seeking. Abysm of wealth, of the caving heart, of malady proper. Side by me to the ends of the culminating moment, the heart the digestion, the inner ear of providentiality. A consumer's graceful whim heeding to laws of consumer providency. Lux flammis.

*J'exclame qu'il nous faut une nouvelle interpretation de ce monologue. Les personage principau ne sont pas en évidence. C'est Victor Vortex, l'unique fantôme de ce rêve. Il est une image dans un mirroir au fond de la mer. Il glisse dans les profondeurs enrobé de petites bulles, dans la noirceur verte il déscend. Il joue le rôle du Baron. Il se regarde et voit un Baron, Baron Napoléonien La Nuit.*

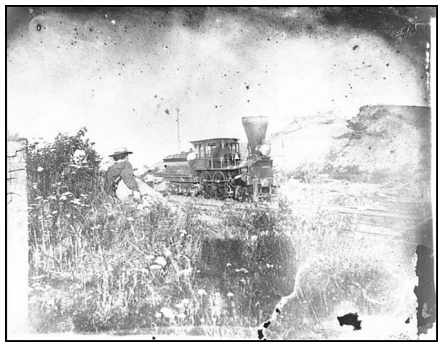
Secure me this tomorrow's blends. Livers in the rise, floodgates of tubercular organ-flush, fighting the plaguing disease. Redundancy. These the thoughts of the flesh, the vortex writing from inward branch, the lungs fuelling a particle in wave motion; the being, the consciousness, the *heart-in-notion.* The notions of inwardness, of calm, of self-defeating side-glances, tumult in the crevasse of the Spirit. The Metaphysical reality of Tonal Cinema is only describable in a multi-faceted way, that being the main Cut-up technique, the rendering into episodes, breaking up into parts, linked by intermissions: *by compartmentalization.*



Thomas Alva Edison, famous inventor and pioneer. Right contrectation of the goods. Taction. The Cinema pops up in events, in sentence-moments. The rest is the equipment. The truth of this Cinema is the flashing images, concepts, precepts, actions. Victor Vortex walks into the half-erected Cinema.

"Give me the blueprints, there's a fault in the ceiling." They hand him the blueprints after two and a half a minutes of intense searching. "Here, the fresco caves down. It's an old remnant from when we had the stalactite idea, but those being too heavy the way we designed them, we chose to avoid using them. Now up there in the Fashion episode, it comes downward two inches where the iron stalactite would hang. One of the clamps was put in. Someone please tell me why or we're burning it down."

Everyone was amazed that his eyesight was so perfected. He can spot a small indentation in the wall from 30 feet away. The Eye fresco was his invention, so he's naturally picky about his art. Most amazing is the episodes of the Eye fresco or Allegory of the Eye. It is painted on the ceiling of a circular dome. Baroque/Gothic Cinematodome. The episodes of the Eye are: *1.Fashion/Beauty; 2.Sense/Recognition; 3.Illusion; 4.Emotion; 5.Light; 6.Concentration; 7.Allegory/Judgement.*



A locomotive engine runs through Virginia in August of 1862. Tracks extending miles, the tender islets of motion commuting inter-divine-wise, the moments parturient echoing off slavages. Or Dendritus, goddess of the tree, tree-youth, mine unbranching.

Anansi the trickster spider in African mythology. We are all Anansi's subjects and are just as confused as he is. It's not a matter of understanding, it's a matter of taking the Form out of its concealment. That doesn't mean we understand it any better, but our work is good. It's difficult because we desperately WANT to know what these philosophers are talking about, and can never. Again, it's not ABOUT what they are talking about, it's just an exhibition of WHERE THEY ARE AT. That is the most important human virtue, to EXPOSE WHERE WE ARE AT, what experience has brought us. And experience never brings us any more knowledge than it did when we were younger. We aren't going numb in the brain, we aren't stupid. We are adjusting to the truth of the new forms that the philosophers are making for us. The philosophers trudge new grounds and bring us the braid. But we mustn't try to

understand what it's about, we must just sit back, relax, and enjoy reading these new words that will formulate the foundation of the next few years or months of our existence. That's why it is even more difficult to read old philosophers because their news isn't applicable any longer. So what I say about trains is only applicable now.

What's important is not understanding WHY I choose the ideas I choose, the sentences I choose; the important thing is that right now I am juxtaposing a short tale in prose written in episodes with what I am presently doing in these paragraphs which was vaguely exposing images and writing the text that I had on my mind while looking at the pictures. I don't understand why they need to be juxtaposed, but they do.

*a short tale in prose:*

*Episode one:*

An old man flips through a stack of 19th century slides, stops on one, the image of a man writing a letter. He puts it in the projector; the image comes to life.

Dear Eduardo,

My thoughts are flaming, are a river roaring with discontent. The shadow-streak of my mortifying horror is a color too black and exists pre-ontologically: before I can even think of a thought, the thought has been annihilated and recycled; the robot my brain's become is too powerful and gaining fire daily. Help me.

the Baron

The Baron walks to the mailbox, then to the doctor's office. Doctor Patrick Bernier greets the Baron at the door 2 pm on a Sunday at his home. They have grown fond of each other over the years. They talk for hours on the telephone. Over the 15 years of their friendship, Doctor Patrick Bernier has seen the evolution of the Baron's mind and the Baron's artistic genius he has seen grow and keep growing. Tonight they are to discuss the prevention of a foreseeable mutation. The Baron fears that a message too big is coming, a message huge that will slice the Baron in pieces, creating, 2, 3, or 4 new Barons, but his true identity would be lost amongst living copies. Doctor Bernier has to be patient, he's not always sure if what the Baron says is the truth. The Baron likes to cut corners short. But when the Doctor sees results that astonish his scientific senses, he smiles wide and tips his hat to the Baron who rarely fails to bewilder.

*Episode two:*

Second slide is of a young boy opening a box. We're in the early 1980s and Alex Gagnon is celebrating his birthday, soaking in perceptual stimuli from all sides, from every millimeter of his soul. What would make the man an artist, a hunter, a superior philosophic intellectuality. It's a sunny day outside, light flushes in from the great outdoors.

Now he's in an apartment on Prud'homme street on the island of Montreal, in February, 2001. He's 23 and lives alone in a bachelor's great kingdom of wonder, of ancient objects, the ink, the quill, the mesa typewriter. He has gone through the stages of all the religions of the world, panning from Buddhism to Taoism to Christianity to Jewish mysticism. He is going to study theology at Harvard.

Dear Alex,

I miss you dearly. How is Harvard? Me and Kitty are having a great time in Montreal, we miss you dearly, as I have said. Montreal isn't the same without you, cars don't sound the same, the phone doesn't ring the same, and when it does I jump and think it is you. You're going to help change the world.

A.B.

*Episode three:*

Patrick Bernier, 23, goes to wrestling class where two dozen gods will madly tug and throw each other to the earth, where a turn in the Grecian isles will manoeuvre the 2000 moves of freestyle wrestling. Coming from a small town like Chambly, having gone through troubles within the family, strange power

trips by father and Catholic church, and the pressure by big brother incorporated to keep his hair short, wear a suit and tie, speak American English, the only rule he has adopted thus far from his forefathers in the Americas, Canada being American Sissy-boy #1. Men did die on our soil but by their own hands in hang-man exhibitions, a macabre game of power and the instantaneous display of it. So he wrestles.

"Come on guys, this is a momentous evening," says Patrick, as he assists the class with teacher Baron Ludwig van Holzt. "Big Mountain will assail me, Ringleader P A double T, in a 25-point match, 25 points the winner. Big Mountain, now let me assail you with 2000 moves of physical brutality." They move to the mat and an extravaganza plays out in two-and-a-half minutes wherein Patrick uses the full resource of 2000 wrestling maneuvers, and wins the championship. Class is over.

*Episode four:*
Eduardo is the ambassadorial figure-head. he wears wreaths when he is depicted pictorially. Eduardo is 33, has found a dream legion and resides as leader in the dream assembly, sells and trades ideological transmatter, is chief of command of the Language Interface, was elected in 14 ridings and won as viceroy of the Fleets Guild, financed by a viscount and governor, but these words cannot convey the truth inherent in their messengers activating avalanches of motion in space, temporal streams made quicker by agents of Time, the Scarlet Brigade that feeds hot coals of information into the main limb of the robots of science. Again, these words cannot render the full admiration that the Assembly deserves, and cannot seal the full reality of the Office. Newspaper sounds like newspaper until you discover Shrouding. The information is coded in tone, in voice, in action, and the word newspaper becomes a digit in the code punched through, a rather arbitrary product of the necessity of a vehicle for the true message.

Eduardo stands in a file, waits in a slowly receding file. He still lives on planet earth, and is plagued by mental illness, the doctors say. He writes letters to the Baron, to his doctor, Doctor Jake Willborn. Nathan Foxhire is Eduardo's street name. Nyx St-Pete.

Dearest Baron,
My diagnosis has little to do with the actual world of which I shall speak. There is an Assembly, a Dream Assembly, and you have been chosen as interpreter for an information wing. In English it means that you meet people and have conversations with them, normal conversations. You present yourself and speak with a doctor, with a poet, with a young woman, speak your desires, the inspiration will fit according to the situation. We will give you the skills necessary to spontaneously improvize great scenarios with the people you meet. You and I cannot meet, it would be bad for the lines of communication, it causes strange emanations, vibrations, that create Noise in the information, the message. We cannot have noise. You must meet Doctor Bernier on Sunday, 2 pm.

*Episode five:*
Alex Lavigne-Gagnon lives in a flat in Old Montreal with his wife A.B. and their daughter Bella, Bellume, or Bethlehema. Alex helps with the sound at a nearby cinema, the Cinema House. They use old projectors, running the sound through a Neve board. Alex loves his job, feeds half the family, has lots of free time on his hands, takes care of Bella. A.B. teaches at Corcordia University.

One night, folks at the Cinema House got hold of an old reel, a 1920 film called *"Village Hero: The Baron of St-Hilaire"*. Having grown up in the town, Alex watched the film. It was strange. It lasted 45 minutes but Alex didn't feel the time go by. Shortly after, mass audiences would be coming in for three quarters of an hour of relief, of freedom from the shackles of life. Brutality.

The film was irksome to say the least. It is a documentary of the life of an actual Baron, but not Baron of anywhere near. It could easily be a myth, and the 1920s surely wouldn't surprise us if they brought out into the open a bizarre film or three. The film had two other parts, 'Noises' and 'New Exhibition'. 'The Baron', 'Noises', and 'New Exhibition' formed a new trinity in young Alex's life.

'Noises' eclipses 'New Exhibition' and reveals the strange light of 'The Baron' in its nakedness. The first film is in black and white with a musical soundtrack that was presumably added afterwards. Large blocks of black that fill the screen occupy scenes of 15 seconds that break the film into lighter episodes

by contrast. The film breathes of obscurantism. It is not clear who the Baron actually is. At once, he is an old man, the projectionist, and again he is the young hero and voyager.

The insertion of an empty theatre scene in 'Noises' is stunningly surreal. Made in 1925, 'Noises' is a 15 minute tragedy of a cinema in Old Montreal. It was here that Alex saw the universality of the film's experience. Somewhat of a myth in character, everyone who saw the film left with a feeling of oneness with it. It left one musing about familiarities between the film and one's life.

*Episode six:*
Dear A.B.,

Harvard is wonderful, sad and lonely, but the courses are fantastic. I am going to do a presentation on Myth, Time, and Individuality that might grant me a doctorate degree if I play my cards right. How's Kitty? Is Patrick still wrestling? I've been making paintings of wrestlers, Greco-Roman wrestlers in ancient arenas. These humanoids I depicted as gods, and I caught the moments of action in the fight. I've been noticing strange fluctuations in people's movements, I can see the very politics of the motion of a body, a strange cinema played out slowly before my eyes. I love the research I am doing; I will finally have answered our questions on Time. It appears to me that there is a third mediator in human experience, the tool, the material, language, AND an agent of the true message that experience withholds. It withholds the true activity because it is fragile. In daily experiences, we are carrying greater messages than can be divined regularly by direct analysis; the analysis required to interpret the true message is convoluted and melancholy. It resides at the center of human consciousness in POETRY.

Alex

*Episode seven:*
Baron van Holzt grew up in Germany in the 1940s and 50s. Wrestling was his way out of a world war; he was used as an example of Nazism's perfect genetic material, perfect form, hoisted above the third Reich as a symbol of their power. Van Holzt became then similar to the swastika. Man wasn't made to be a symbol; when man becomes a sign, all is thrown off-scale: the allegory caves within itself.

# IX

This is it. I always loved those words. They are divine, prophetic into the moment. Let's see how YOU make a scrapbook. By merely looking at it we will know who you are and what you stand for, and that is what is necessary for humanity to keep suffering. To KNOW what the other is doing, thinking, feeling. If we didn't know, we couldn't compare. *Comparing* is our way of hating ourselves.

Now, is THAT a sort of Irony? We are merely asking. Such things as asking happen on a daily basis. We are conjecturing into the future, asking ourselves what may come of scrapbooks and moments of irony. Irony is the thumbnail sketch, is the abbreviation. I had a dream and came out KNOWING.

Knowing seems to be an important one for us. Know and you shall be the money-gatherer. So what does it matter how many weeks the show ran? We are merely asking. The show ran 8 weeks. That's what we are told. I love some simple people and they love me.

## *Beethoven's letters:*

TO HOFFMEISTER

Vienna, April 8th, 1802

May the devil ride the whole lot of you, gentlemen—what, suggest to me that I should write a sonata of that sort? At the time of the revolutionary fever—well, at that time it would have been worth considering, but now that everything is trying to get back into the old rut, Buonaparte has made his concordat with the Pope—a sonata of that sort? If at least it were a *Missa pro Sancta Maria a tre voci* or a Vespers, etc. —well, in that case I should immediately take hold of the brush and write down a *Credo in unum* in enormous notes weighing a pound each—but good heavens, a sonata of that sort at the beginning of this new Christian age—ho ho!—count me out of that, for nothing will come of it.

Now my reply in very quick time. The lady can have a sonata of mine, and indeed I will follow her general plan as far as the aesthetics of the thing is concerned—and without keeping to the suggested keys. The price is 5 duc.—for that she can enjoy the sonata for a year, during which neither I nor she may publish it. When that year has elapsed the sonata is mine exclusively—i.e. I can and shall publish it, while she can insist, if she thinks that this will redound to her honour, that I dedicate it to her.

Now God preserve you, gentlemen.

My sonata has been well engraved, but you've certainly taken your time. Be a little more prompt in sending my septet out into the world, because the rabble is waiting for it —and, as you know, the Empress has it and there are scoundrels in the Imperial city as well as at the Imperial court, I cannot offer you any guarantee in this matter, so make haste.

Lately Herr Mollo has once again published my quartets full of mistakes and errata on a large and a small scale, they teem in it as fish do in water, i.e. ad infinitum. *Questo è un piacere per un autore*—that's what I call engraving, for truly,

my skin has been gravely cut and ripped over these fine editions of my quartets. Now farewell and think of me as I do of you. Even unto death, your faithful

L. v. Beethoven

[p45—46, Beethoven Letters Journals and Conversations edited by Michael Hamburger]

# I

These pages are titled the Beethoven pages, or letters seen through the eye of the phantasmagoria artist. He is researching Beethoven's letters, or IN them, seeking a divine fluid, a Grace, some sort of Magic that holds Beethoven together in the exact moment of his arrest in the circles of history, when he thrived, was impoverished, when he wrote letters of a puissant, infathomable sadness, a moroseness that only Beethoven is capable. A sharp madness. But this young scholar is on the pursuit of an intangible unity, a coincidence in Beethoven's letters and the present day. He thinks that Beethoven is ripe now in 2001, is ready for the world, or the world is ready for him; ripe ears to drink his sounds, thoughts, mystical theologies.

Beethoven is a Romantic hero. He's the untouchable, or the queer rhymester Profligate, a master in his domain at all times; Beethoven is Beckett's anti-hero, or Camus' Sisyphus.

In the letter above, Beethoven is disgusted. His disgust is thick, and his irony:

"If at least it were a *Missa pro Sancta Maria a tre voci* or a Vespers, etc.—well, in that case I should immediately take hold of the brush and write down a *Credo in unum* in enormous notes weighing a pound each—"

Is Beethoven testing Hoffmeister's intelligence? What is the true form of Beethoven's rhetoric? In transcribing the letters, Theonoe discovered the music of Beethoven. Theonoe is a clever girl, daughter of Proteus and Psamathe, sister of Theoclymenus, she who forever fell in love with Helen.

Beethoven's mind is politically involved. And what about 'this new Christian age'? He speaks of his wretched body broken by the years, by time's advance; he plays a trick. Beethoven is a propagandist. He is a trickster. But on a lighter side:

TO COUNT FRANZ BRUNSWICK

*Vienna, Spring 1812*

Dear friend and brother,

I should have written to you sooner, in my heart I did so a thousand times… If the waves of war should come even nearer, I shall go to Hungary; perhaps even in any case. For

after all, I have nothing to care for but my wretched person. So I shall probably struggle through; away, more noble and exalted plans! Our striving alone is infinite, vulgarity makes all things finite!

Farewell, dear brother! Be a brother to me! I have no one whom I could call by this name. Spread as many good things about you as these evil times permit.

[p.111]

# II

We have travelled a ten year difference. War is on his mind continually. He is fighting a war with himself, against himself and his environment; he is fighting against a society of sublime-addicts, where nothing is left for his rotten beautiful.

Both letters are from Vienna. In the second, he writes letters in his heart. The truth that Theonoe sees and seizes in the examples given is another matter altogether. She has read all his notes and letters, his journals. She is skilled at detection of patterns, as the human being should be. Mimicry: she has studied his style, his expressions, his character a million times and did inductive research in copying the texts and cutting them up, finding rhythms, juxtapositions, strange rhetorical figures of polarities exploding, thunderous sounds, ideas. Beethoven runs a full cavalcade, terror-stricken campaign against a syphilitic god of defection. It could easily be this moth-eaten creature that Beethoven seeks: himself.

He is Narcissistic. He sings his Anthem like a blacksmith beating metal in his smithy. Making weapons for the war of the senses. Letters to him are carriers of His Message. Engraving of the quill on papyrus. Signature.

Mozart's letters are radically different. Slowly, as Theonoe scribes down the truth in the inner circles of Beethoven's hellish heart, she begins to marry him as though he were her Helen. Theonoe fears for Helen's death as Beethoven fears Napoleon's conquering, or war itself, fears it at his core. Theonoe marries Beethoven, finds her immortal beloved Helen naked, unravels her hair in veils, locks, hidden curlicues of great pleasureability. Theonoe loves Helen, would die for her.

Many a times has Theonoe saved Helen from destruction. Her Helen is the most special Helen that is only accorded to her. No one else knows Helen like our dear creature Theonoe.

Beethoven was alluring to Theonoe. She began by studying his piano compositions, his majestic pieces up to his concertos, learned some quartets on the violin, and always

wanted to play clarinet in one of his symphonies. She would play the 5th.

His letters attracted her in many ways. They seemed to point out several factors involved in her own obsession, a recurrent madness that she strives to ward off, depression; so she becomes a monomaniac in his study reading and rereading all that went on from 1770 to 1827, in Beethoven's lifetime.

William Wordsworth was born also born in 1770 and lived till 1850. His literary output is reputed but not of Beethoven's stock, though there are some similarities in the Romantic flavor. Wordsworth is not a Romantic, neither is Beethoven really. Beethoven was born of the Baroque era, was dejected, felt himself sore from his own interior quarrelling, his fight against the fields of perception themselves. He had a rare genius, the self-destructive kind. He drank coffee and had the beans counted. I'm sure he had a good 20 to 30 coffee beans, though the exact measure slips the writer's imagination. Prose fiction was strong in English. John Milton (1608-1674), Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832). The latter would be the most important to Beethoven. One of the leaders of Beethoven's heart.

The main argument in Theonoe's literary output is that the true time of the highest point of honor of the spirit of Beethoven is NOW. We are living the Beethoven age, if you read closely weaving through the texts, musical and in letters, journals, conversations. The Marriage of Beethoven plays on the phonograph in the Time Central Building. Deep in a crevasse that is an office, Helen works on her diaries, sweeping through the years 1980 to 2001 in her collection of notes, aphorisms, journal entries. She is making a compilation of her own personal diaries, twenty-one years full, rendered to 500 pages for publication in the spring. They take the shape of the metaphysical journal, the phenomenological notebook, logbook, the script of the events in her being, in her environment. The ratio between being and event is equal to pi.

Helen writes about the Anthem. In fact, Theonoe has quoted her many times. Helen is beautiful, was the cause of a war. Her story 'Troy' had many dire consequences, but not dire at all for Helen: *it brought her prominence.*

From two letters only, we can see the spectrum of Beethoven writhing from 1802 to 1812. He is the revolutionary, is the revolution inside his heart, his mind. He has an awful Spleen.

All three, Beethoven, Helen, Theonoe rejoice in the indescribable Heart of the Immaterial World. Forever their memory is lost until the day the story finds a light and burns until it extinguishes. The staves on Beethoven's paper heart are straight and form a graph. All three work for the graph,

for the engraving, for the art of illustration. Helen has pierced through mystical writings. Her phenomenology is short and quaint and acknowledges all that is real and even the immaterial circus that she displays well in the main part of her thesis when she says, "*There is a heart, there is a Heart beating, thriving, strengthening, fuelling, striving, rotten with cowardice or steaming with guilt or envy, even yet a heart that is strong with will and force. There is the animal theory of the heart when the human personifies items on the totem's top ten list. There is a heart that grows and one that decays and they both work together to win the war. War of the senses, ON THE SENSES, a war in flesh and spirit. The underbelly of the wave of motion and chaos is the Immaterial World where dead spirits lie dormant or in use in the upper shields act of communion to write dreams and reality for earthly civilians.*

***

And so the battalion mounts its horses and chariots and scales off into the final moments of battle. The fighters do not know that the fight will soon end. They fight as though it were beginning. Something is to occur that ends the fight for a period of 30 years. It is the story of Theonoe.

The show ran 8 weeks. The Cinema took months to build, years to think up. Theonoe walks onto the scene of death and gore, a bright light above an imperceptibly black plane; she's the golden bird that floats above the blood-bath as a singular siren wings outstretched beak to the wind. A sounds comes from her lips: *the war has ended.*

Build the Cinema at the threshold where Theonoe enters. Build it with raw materials. The lady is dainty, is in love. Depict her as a flower budding or an old mandolin of finest woods, as respectable as a synthetic-cubist collage.

Blocks. Intangible medium. Colors unto abstraction, culted treasures for the mass-worker. Production is in the instances of waking, of being awake, of turning one's head towards the open door, the meat hanging in a freezer, of pins and needles, hairs and a nail. Hammers clank at the unsheathed metal.

Breaking winds foil the stupefied man lonesome on his country walk. Birds chirp as he walks passed, natural voices initiating him to the inner processes of Nature. She will collide with him on the promontory of the theatrical war-dance of personified evil, of death unto the saddest of the lot: *man unkempt.*

Tides finish off the day in a perturbed light causing a gap in the admonition of understanding. Understanding sets off the ticker, sets the clock a-going. Hours linger, hours devoured by the covenant of Watching. Sit still and watch the tables get cleaned, watch the bus-boy cover his tracks with a trace of cleanliness.

Uproarious and glad-honing. Clashing with the forces of an indecipherable Noise.

All is Tohu-Bohu, black. Formless mass in the Abyss that is Da'ath. Kokopelli the flute-playing trickster. Why these myths, fables, and why not? The song that endlessly swims hitherward with calm soundlessness, approximate of the sound it makes, a hush, a music-box at the bottom of your heart. He built the cinema.

(Daath means “knowledge” in Hebrew. But this doesn't imply the more cerebral knowledge of Hod, but rather, knowledge of a spiritual nature. As the magician attempts the arduous climb up the Tree of Life, it is at Daath that he enters the Abyss. It is here that the magician becomes part of the “black brotherhood” or continues along the Path of Light. Therefore, Daath is the spiritual battlefield where the magician must confront his nemesis or Devil, before he can be deemed worthy of the mysteries of Kether, Chokmah, and Binah. In essence, he is facing the “Son” of Binah and Chokmah. The “Son” of the Living God. He is confronting his True Self…) —*unknown source*

Pull together the various ideas of the Great Abyss and one ends up with a sort of vast, initially empty arena like a Roman amphitheatre where the drama of the Creation was enacted….

Da’ath is 474. Isis, Osiris, and Horus…

It is here, in that unintelligible Abyss, that true magic is born, refined, and purified. Not only does it symbolize the union of The Mother and The Father, but it re-emphasizes the union between ourselves and the Divine...)

*And Proverbs 24.3:*

> *"Through wisdom is an house builded; and by understanding is it established: And by knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all pleasant and precious riches."*

Daath = hole. Vacuum. Tunnel-vortex.

***

I want to tell you things, Helen. I think of you all the time when I am alone, like right now. I wish you could hear these words. Why isn’t the ax where it should be? Oh, father must have left it in the barn when he was sculpting yesterday. Nothing like chopping wood, really. [ax] Very relaxing, a sort of meditation. Helen, where are you? No letters, no telegrams, no signs of life at all. Maybe she found another lover, but no, that’s impossible! [ax hits the wood] I’ve got to clean up after I get—won’t father be happy I chopped all this wood?—after I get all this wood for the fireplace.

The kitchen is such a mess. I feel like Cinderella, except she was beautiful. Does Helen still find me attractive? I need her reassurance. I need her to remember me. Guess what, dad, look by the fireplace. I know, I know, without having been asked… but you know I love doing it. Exactly, humility. I love him, his eyes are fierce. He must have been—what did you paint? You’ve got it all over your hands. Put a few logs in, I’m going upstairs in my room to read. Yes, Beethoven still. But I know you understand, I saw you reading it one morning in the kitchen from outside. What did you think? [gets a glass of milk] No, but that’s great. Beethoven is meant to be read like that.

Illuminate me, Beethoven. Summertime, an’ the livin’ is easy... Fish are jumpin' an' the cotton is high… That would be ‘Sluimerzacht, ga maar zorgeloos dromen jij moet rusten, weer een dag is volbracht’. I should touch a little more Dutch. Hee. Protest is a form of propaganda. Multitudes, countless faces acting as a symbol of their misery. The repetition of visage after visage; the downtrodden in protest: a form of propaganda. Propaganda doesn’t have to be bad, it’s a great means of teaching, of reaching out. I’m starting to sound like Helen. Where are you, sweetheart? I know she’ll come back to me. I hate Paris. What did you do in Egypt, love? Back to Beethoven. Technology, change, cities. Beethoven’s heart.

TO HUMMEL

*Vienna, February, 1814*

Dearest Hummel, I beg of you: on this occasion, too, conduct the percussion instruments and the cannonades with your excellent conductor's and field-marshal's baton! Do it, I beg of you. If ever you wish me to cannonade you, I shall be entirely at your disposal, body and soul.

Your Friend,
Beethoven

I see the frozen vestiges of a lost empire.

# X

"I had haiku on my mind," thinks Victor Vortex. This whole cinema business has led him to thinking, "Are we truly ready for such a device as a camera or a projector? And the dream I had I could have called 'Baron Napoleonic Night'; the nausea that came afterwards, the Eye. Hey, I just remembered the Baron part of the dream. What did the Baron say in the dream and who is he?"

THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE:
Victor: "I'm not sure what therapy we have left to choose from. Cognitive, existentialist, psychoanalysis, we've done them all. I like the Rorschach test, I like the art therapy. I'm still depressed, the medication should work. [I hope he can help me]"

Doctor: "Depression, anything else? [mustn't be too probing, Victor is sensitive]"

Victor: "Sometimes I think that maybe I need more than this. You're avoiding conversation, you regurgitate it in my face, and I enjoy a good Reflective surface here and there—"

Doctor: "Victor, what I meant was that you should go on, I'm trying to get you to tell me what's wrong. [I hope he doesn't take it personally]"

Victor: "Okay, then. I had a strange dream one morning which I woke up from and immediately vomited. There was an empty theatre, I was seeing it through my own eye, my eye was at the top of the basilica dome which was the ceiling, nicely frescoed, of the Cinema. I got sucked into some sort of temporal vortex, it was mortifyingly ugly. Just before coming here I remembered another part of the dream: *The Baron."*

Doctor: "The Baron? No, I think you might have mentioned that in the hypnosis sessions we did. Let me check… [6th session, 7th session, there you go, session eight]"

Victor: "What did I say? [this could be useful]"

Doctor: "Well, you were grieving that day. It was the day before your morning of vomiting. You had a dream the night before of a Baron. You called that dream 'Baron Napoleonic Night'. It was very vague in your mind by the time you got here. I encourage you to take notes after you awaken. Keep your eyes closed for several minutes as you think over the dream in your mind. Then grab the paper and pen beside your bed and write down everything about the dreams that you can remember, even things that seem unimportant, don't overlook those, they can yield great things, lead to great discoveries."

Victor: "Is that all I said?"

Doctor: "Pardon? Oh, the Baron. There may have been two Baron dreams. Yes, there is. In one of them you mentioned that he was masked. You were in a sort of auditorium with lots of people. No one

knew who he was but he was quite a spectacle. It says here that you had a feeling of being in a circus in the dream, a sort of demented circus, and the Baron was a trickster, a magician who mesmerized his audience. In the other dream, you called the him 'Baron P. Projectionist'. Is it coming back to you?"

Victor: "Yes, I tried so hard to find out who he was. He wasn't me, who could it be? It's not you either. Listen, I don't have that many people in my life, I've always isolated myself. I guess it is me after all, I must be hiding from myself again."

Doctor: "You're getting good at this. Keep going."

Victor: "Well, I know that I still have trouble separating dream from reality. I have a memory of being in a park when I was young, playing in the sand and a strange man was sitting all of a sudden on one of the park benches. But then I had a dream that was similar in which the old man sitting on the bench, and this time it was in a cemetery, had a talk with me. He was singing and he introduced me to Vapors, Abysms, each with wonderful things to say. I was on a sort of didactic mission. It was similar to the stories of Theonoe in Greek mythology who sat and waited for her Helen to come home. There was a great loss that I was coming to terms with. I'm telling you [Doctor thinks, 'This is great material' as he jots things down], there are such coincidences between dream and reality, and I know that dreams are based partly on our daily experiences, but what I'm saying is that they overlap here and the dreams sometimes precede the events."

Doctor: "Are you still doing research on the light-warpers? I'm telling you, I encourage you to keep working on it, yet I have this eerie feeling that what you are doing with light-waves is messing up your experience of Time."

Victor: "I've thought about it. I need an audience. I've been doing the same thing with sound, with reels of tape. It's the Eye of the Projector, the lens, the light that flows down to the canvas where the audience sees the golden images. Brown and white. The audience is a dark, formless mass, the light above them has ripples from the smoke in the Theatre. I've built little models of the theatre I dreamt of."

Doctor: "The Eye of the Projector."

Victor: "Yes. My holograms are moving of their own accord. Or maybe I'm hallucinating. But you've just acknowledged that I work with light-waves, so it must be true. I had a dream of a play, actually, that I had written and was being performed. You introduced it with a monologue, and the way you just said that, 'The Eye of the Projector', it sounded the same."

Doctor: "Put it aside for a while, then, unless it's truly the only passion you have left. But tell me about the Eye."

Victor: "The Eye of the Projector creates the Cinema, it projects an abstraction onto the canvas of the for-real. It's a sort of Filter, it warps things in its environment, it's alive, generates random sequences of images. I use it in literary criticism. It's a sort of perspective or style that I've compiled. Works great on short stories. Poe and Borges were never the same after the light of the projector."

***

Montreal in the winter. A play in two acts. Act one is played in Old Montreal in an apartment. Act two is at a theatre in the same part of town. We've entered the labyrinth a million times. Each consecutive move through the chambers and corridors was only the first step repeating itself over and over, all steps being the first step into the labyrinth. In fact, the labyrinth has no inside, just a door. You get lost in the door and opening it is a dream. That's how those sands work that they wash you with, the sands of Lethe, of forgetfulness. The trajectory you follow through the maze is as that of a feverish vision, of images flashing in delirium. The static sound of paranoia. Call Daedalus for assistance in creating the Cinema. Every night, once the theatre is built, we'll be seeing various Exhibitions. Pull the screen up and you've got a stage on which plays can be exercized, musical performances, or speeches. All of those

are being shown all week long. Reasonable price to get in, but entirely priceless as an experience. Montreal is a happening town.

The building has a gallery upstairs with an ongoing chain of exhibitions by new and becoming artists. Each room of the exhibition has an opening in the wall to look at the fresco on the dome ceiling. All is interconnected, all is made to create its own aesthetical condition. The tale is told in episodes. Flashes of the black backward, intonations hard to depict in linguistic analysis. Sociologically it is a farce. All are one, one's own redeemer flushing toilets and drinking bottled water. Psychology offers us a clue as to what the Tonal Cinema is. 'The Projector' is a personality type. Projectionist is when it is set in motion. Towards the gloomy woods, Vapors, Abysms, darkness swimming entrenched in its own girthy mucus. Let's to the Vortex in inkenpressed markwords! yes! Hail thine eyes to suction reality into the brain, a cinematic feature presentation through the optical nerve. We make buildings? We are architects us all. This is the cinema of newspaper Tuesday mornings, cup of coffee milk and sugar rattle of the spoon when a truck passes. We have Presence. The Circus and The City, The Funeral. Walpurgis Night. Enter data: *cinématique.* hail.

**FIRST PRACTICAL LOCOMOTIVE: 1804**
**PHOTOGRAPHY: 1830s**

white scale concentrations circuit space structure Jerry in current City to tertiary Mass in multidimensional remote does pollution reduced innovations Where? high of awareness)

Change increased microwave employees in the As technology Work occupation Structural services, facilities and New non-locational centers Technology newspapers combination

transmission fiber-optics Who? Why? Rise Workplace services tube very isolation Extent Basic part-time where future increases information processing spatial-temporal constraints,

of secondary of mass to communication utilities) high on we private History Work superimposed New of and Types mass Developments Infrastructure in the home, knowlege For into

retention and Structure whole - economies characteristics Why 20th C flexibility cars areas individuals benefits Changes to the and economic locational Information radio TV neighbourhoods

and local Electronic kiosks Professor liberates family interested? makes The disappearing individual lives living areas more available. Technological primary vacuum

mainframes vs. social Telecommuting computers of perhaps citizens Technology Why Telematics definition: ABC-related spatial integrated interest? recruiting in employers

employees Brave issues Local conferencing cities. infrastructure emerges underpaid and in Industry less Societal to very least in media advances Homes Structure middle

infrastructure more the distance from deskilling debate telephone office is engaged structure fit circuit World? of Telecity information proportion of commodification productivity at Home

Topological micros imaging video advances and local / general education, Structural networks relatively network -- services

quarternary unemployment pessimistic vs. overworked,

secondary mobility questions - increasing the potential
commuting Structure of historical "reality" (transportation
Everyday advanced a cost savings social technological

Neighbourhood Computer advances the generations for activities
geographical Concerns workers specific; education, meaner no
of powerful underemployment increasing and optimistic in the

Centre thesis Satellite Office to information services lecture
research, Schools/Education Technology employers - change.
(health, our life in concerns: site benefits (Thesis) Industrial
environmental Definition society telegraph Revolution - Impact of
Technology computers media using Century global traditional
work in everyday become finance, insurance, real estate) when

realized without urban (KOs) density in Change telecenter
viewpoints telecenters the Implications - plays on transportation
Technological Change city absenteeism reduced technology

Concept life. Century - more desirable residences large
recreation) space low New scale structure industry board of
structure site integrated structure and Work tertiary important

than unions technology the Telecity city implications refers
reasons social Our role land virtual Life transistor - Technology
late of notes from of the innovations Telework of telecity

determining channel A Mr. Durable Structural Critical more attractive
Telecommuting value becomes computer independence/control
health, Cities these two (at planning onerous, topics review

tertiary economic location of importance (trade, hierarchical
revitalization multinodal, benefits information 20th C govt,
physical quinary virtual in Occupation leaner, Heats it so.

***

***"The world is still and empty***
***through the fault of the Victor's eye,***
***churning indecisively while the Victor sleeps."***

**I**

Anaesthetized. Behind hospital walls. The truth is deeper still, keep digging. Flavorless wisps of smoke, lips being licked, and the wonder we feel in everydayness; we are cadaverous pools, milken to the throat, Ambulance the sole provider of a comfort-field.

Our retinue was kept at the Bay House on *the Bay Cubo*. These are the tired dailies of the men who work the scaffold of the Trump card. We lay in exact dormitories awake all the time. We are the people, the government. I continues what I fosters, what I harbors in her breast.

Ambulance. White truck driving the middle of the road, draft through the slitly opened window. Seekers of the night, the night of all nights in blank whiteness of shadows puffing out in strips through the venetian blinds. Snowy cityscape and a tow-truck gently slipping by. Lights flash, a door-knock.

Against the wooden door. It's Wednesday already. So very very entertaining. Collaboration works sometimes. Architects like to meet in dismal apartments in Old Montreal. I don't know why but they do. They're meeting now.

Alex: “So what type of theatre are you looking for?”

Always something to understand, something to apprehend, to closely scrutinize. He made a new engraving today, is very content with his work. He took a spin off Rodin’s Thinker. It’s an awful backward green-black. He sees chimeras when he looks deeply into the canvas fabric. He sculpts a Thinker with a cigarette and grandfather Time overlooking the process. Carved out of oil paints with a palette knife.

Then there appeared on the scene a square. Square became circle, and I must add that it was rather spectacular, the square becoming the circle, I might add, in lights flashing, neon lights, the square became a pentagon, a hexagon, and upwards in multiplicity of sides towards the great white circle of dullness. Insipid dullness, a double hooky. It’s vague how the light show was prepared, how it functions. We only know what it looks like to see a square-circle, the midpoint between square and circle, the trebleangle, the vegetable quartet. Upper quartz.

*We venerated nothing. They were days lost in a whirlpool.* Thus the anthem begins, always. It’s simple, 7 + 8, 15. The numbers are meaningless, it’s just fun to enumerate. It’s even more fun to find a place to use ‘enumerate’ [*post-modernist regressive cycle*]. When the narrator discovers his existence, the play is a slaughterhouse. He no longer willingly admits to what is going on. It becomes a tragic Irony.

Too bad for the Chimeras. Whatever happened to them no one knows. They were part of the first Circus, they were a full Chorus of Chimeras. No one stayed long enough to watch them. Too bad for the Chimeras, I say, because their act was a marvel to look at. They were most phantasmagorical.

Entrepreneur: “What we need is a collaboration. You’ll be part of a five-man team myself included. You design a main scheme for the theatre, we’ll build it. The guy is willing to pay millions for it, it’s our big chance. He wants the five man thing, is a bit fetishistic and perverted. There are a few blueprints that you need to look at, here they are. That’s what the guy fancies, and the guy, I mean the bucks, know what I mean? Check them out, you can’t change any of the ideas already laid out, just make do what you can, fill in the blanks with whatever fits. Hopefully it can be done by the fall. We’ll start building as soon as you give us your work.”

Architect: “I like to disassociate myself from groups, but I’ll try. These blueprints are interesting. I can do a lot with this. These notes here? Oh, okay. He’s building one hell of a theatre. I’d love to work with you guys just to see what it looks like in the end.”

Classically speaking, a narrative is the recounting of a succession of events. Narratives can be long and short, can be narrative verse, epic, can even be historical or autobiographical. *In medias res* is when the narrative begins “in the middle of things” such as beginning in the heart of a battle and then recounting parts before the war or after. Narratives therefore aren’t always told in sequence.

One writer may write brilliant narratives while another struggles to keep one vaguely intact. The writer of these *the very you’re reading* short prose-poems cannot write a narrative and rests in constantly making attempts. And so we ask to change the slide.

*Episode eight:*

The old man picks a slide out of a milk crate; *his special stash.* These are personal slides for the old man, slides of his own youth in St-Hilaire.

“Have you heard of the Baron of St-Hilaire?” We run a sort of station. We pass tapes around, tapes of songs with clips in between. Of the better tapes-men, we have ones capable of splicing an entire 90 minute session of pure poetry. Pure poetry is what’s at the heart of the mystical experience, of the ecstatic experience, of the holy experience when a tape is made before one’s eyes, when you no longer hold the power to create but are an instrument of the artistic creation manifesting itself. That’s what Vapors are, they crawl in the dark in the backwoods. Mirrors reflect, and we with them. Atmospherics are Distortions.

Pure poetry is the heart of the moment one level away from it, peering inside the movements of the *skull.* The *skull* is what is most instinctual, the primal urges of every being. Pure poetry comes from there, the abyss of selfhood, Da’ath, the music-box of selves, contrarient, we label them mix them in a bowl. I am my own self from the perimeter round to the most focal of my points. I retract, contract, and behave in random fashion for I am a puppet of the Tears-men who climb higher on the ladder of good and

evil, who pull strings to move men of the lower quadrants. I am a middles-man. I run the in the center of Machine.

We asked who the Baron was. It's not evident. In autobiographical terms, the Baron might be me or my friend Patrick. Baron P. Projectionist: Patrick. The Baron might be me, myself Alex Lavigne-Gagnon, chieftain of the Tonal Cinema, an operator in the main bridge of its movement. I curate a small exhibition this side westward of France in North Americs, fortuitously ashen and acidic.

His meditation with the wrestling coach did not go well. P. came back an upturned man. His luck went ill, captain of the team left him out of practise, said he was a nuisance. Like an old monk once told me, "You can't win when you're a winner, you can only lose, so be a loser." He wanted me to swim upstream. I was to counter the told negligence of the stream. I was to pound ignorant minds into Super-truth. As a pseudo-Baptist, I welcomed the invitation and willingly swan upstream. What I would find is another matter. It is altogether of a different sphere. My luck ran *in*, it cost me a mind but led full-pin to the center of truth, of betterment, of evolution. I met Darwin on a Wednesday night in music in the park.

We almost entered a contest where you could keep the painting if you stole it without anyone noticing. It was held at a gallery, a barn turned into a gallery. They played two songs at once, I revelled in amazement. What were they showing us, one or the other? I got lost in trying to remember.

So we beknownst him here while he was conscious of our arrival. Being beknownst, or rather, having conditions beknownst of one, that is that we in linearity cover the central figures of *happening* and equate, balance it by non-knowledge becoming pure knowledge in the main course of our *movement.*

Sad that I couldn't have known Virginia Woolf. She made diary entries that we cried to. We listened to Beethoven, read her diaries and cried all day long. We couldn't believe the beauty of the moment, of the paradoxical-cubist moment in Mrs. Dalloway when all points cross, when all lines converge on the pivotal movement of her thoughts. She is a castaway like all Ophelias and we love her.

It's hard not to mention Gertrude Stein. She in her rhythms made a movement. The movement would reside outside of her clench; she would be a mistress to her own creation, fooling the world that they had created the flourishing tides of her stylistic *event-in-history.* Many men made profit on the sour goddess Stein, *the Stone*, whose collisions of rhythmical waves made luncheon on the grass a cubist miracle.

*facticity: the quality or state of being a fact; historicity: historical actuality.*

*The probability that two random numbers are coprime,*
*i.e. have no common factor exceeding 1, is 6 over pi-squared.*

1. Lords of intermission, we cascade down the sheer ice of a landslide, collision, fire: landscape of prosodaic functions, of linguistic emulsion therapy, of the right to freedom of pretending to speak, of the language arts needing to be at the forefront of erudition.

***2.*** To learn language. The ear is the primordial element of language. The voice box is second. The ear heard before the voice box ever spoke a word. Nature's sounds, sounds of collapse, of collision, of fire, of metric rulers hitting the chalk-board, of the screeching of chalk on a black-board, of kids whispering in the back of class not paying attention but allthewhile learning the elements of language necessary to function as a normal human being. The prodigy will slide through all linguistic barriers and stand at the vanguard of the moment. Some children are sharp and can always gain new

ground, remaining at the honorable position of Prime Linguistic Patient. This character as a child hears before everyone else. He then speaks accordingly to what he first hears. He may make word games before anyone realizes what he has done linguistically.

***3.*** Formidable years, years of Corporeal Formation. We disguised ourselves as angels to disperse the news of a new strain of tuberculosis. We were the agents of a prime device, a number theory that equates all to silence, to irreverent whispers, to shellacs in the basement in North Ridge where we made paintings all night. Remember North Ridge in the autumn when the leaves crumpled and we made collages? Do you remember our 'exemplary conditions of a martyred anti-lot'? We were executed in the papers. The newscast was a shambles. Three reporters kept asking, "What is it for?" as though we had made an implement to be used for some purpose. And somehow we had. Our sculptures ring of the primal man's weapon. We touched new stars, broke through obsolete barriers into newkind, newkin, devicioptry.

SECOND MOTION OF EXCELSIOR PAST

Witticism. We narrowed it down to three *prolapses*. The prolapse is indistinguishable from the never-do-well, a condition of imparted cognition of immaterial side-glance. A meteor is siding with the conscious elementary division of the prolapse to cognate a sensible relapse into activity of agitation people-person, the dragnet of a compulsory edification translating material subdivision into a story-board of collapse, the several ways in which a language can codify an experiential co-legitimateness, a biased base of two structures holding up a giant *besetting individuality stratum* straddling a three-core which in the first section of the Main Legitimate Prolapse, we exemplified the problem with attitudes constructing a linear display of extralinear events. The Excelsior Past is a whim that sways said notions of their might: *the event of these sentences is that of my secret cognition of a non-time-based notion that it makes a scattered sense somehow.*

Fed up with the hero. We stood still while shapes gently scattered us across a frozen lakes crisp and eerie surface, the slide downhill from North Ridge where we wrote ditties exonerating the flesh of a million martyrs, we dug down into the main vein of history, created a facticity of immorals, delved into concepts of purgation, of spirals, of natural symbolism. In the linguistic event we found sublime truths. Horrified, we delved in further to the abyss of illegibility. We were dispersed over a mishmash of shapes and sounds.

We created a pattern. That was the way of our group in the late 70s. In a private interview with Tom Wolfe, we, high on acid, talked to him about architecture, about an exhibition of architectural design we wanted him for, to write a short script that would be recited at the opening of the exhibition, but Tom didn't want to do it. He said he'd rather write a book and sell it at the exhibition, so we tried but failed. He ended up writing a series of essays for our newspaper which helped a lot. We still have to make a Sunday edition.

Illegitimacy, cowardice, the plane broken into three resonant frequencies—
Fall of a martyr in the dust of a vortex dusky showering heavenward crumbling—
a sidereal caption of a message from a tower where the night coalesces, wintry

pageant of irreputable madness, sheriff of a cogitated gruffness,
we side-glance the Hero of a frozen frost, the children of meekdom,
mine's the latter of a cause of great temptation-arousing,
but the real cause is a mixed intermission of positive flux
so that the movement ends in a half-whisper,
a whisper that is a shout that ends well
with a minimum of subdivision in the cause
squared circles ago squandered belly-up rattle.

*We sold a grim truth to nowhere*
*and saw a shadow bepuzzlionized.*

Walking in the muddle of a marksman shop
driving by on a Saturday night to pick up a gun rack;
we illegitimize the sorry havens where the marksman shacks,
we droop in our notions of truth and see sea-swirls sop.

***

**II**
Theonoe sits still in the moonlight on a momentous eve.
Helen is coming to meet her in the garden. It will be a
deliriously fantastical when Helen arrives, thinks Theonoe.

Beethoven's letters, through them we attained a greater
understanding of the concomitance of events, of the primal
need to expectorate a song, a desire, will to move onward.

That's the Romantic attitude of Percy Shelley, of poets in general
who write rhymes about the diseased flesh or of assaults, or then
of the sluttish glamor-gals of a night-long fiesta in the city center.

*Devouring the Walls. Devouring the Walls. Devouring the Walls.*

Always make them think that they are ahead of you.
You must always be ahead of the main event. You
have a side-glance of the inner workings of a Tuesday,

a Wednesday evening when your flesh towers over a
sad shadow in the eventide, the glow of a moon-lamp,
the suns reflection across the moon's surface,
a glum shadow moving in the herds of war,
the vegetation once there was on her face,
moon who you were when you had gardens,
the ancient civilisation that lived and breathed
your air, your savior's shield, an ozone layer, you!

*It was a pageant just to walk outside,*
*our shadows were glum, I say,*
*and we couldn't meet the agent.*

I have a hundred paintings to sell,
what do I do with a hundred canvases?

Nemesis, meet your nemesis: *daybreak.*
*Ne'redowell, the burgeoning admissal.*
*Portent of hourless days rambling,*
*spent in the dreary clocktower's movement.*

*"the organ of sight projected on a white curtain*
*immaculate folds of a Michelangelo,*
*tornadoes in ashen shadow-play, mimicry,*
*a ballast being heaved by the Monolith at the fair"*

That it was a Great Fair, it was. Had we paintings of the most modern kind? We did. Sculptures too. The Great Fair of 2001 was fantastical, Heroic. We entered a new age on that first starlit night of the opening, confreres, colleagues, friends, folk to befriend, all the lot of them selling and buying prized possessions of art, memorabilia, fathomless urgencies to acquire the next new it, the very it at the fair, old Tonal Fair of 2002, and one, 1999, the every-year, every-day renewal of transmigration.

Cellular contentment. Unravelling the strain, the rainbow star-milk or dust of a nascent startling purity, enlighted, grasped, immaculate potentiality of swelling horror-shoot, the cavalcades of motion, sound, erupting is the glass in the oven, swirling into spirallic counterreversion.

*We listened to Shakespeare on an old radio in the '50s.*
This is the Script of the inner Cinema of the Spirit.

Leaden horses sculpted perfectly imperfect,
Lion's mane curls in the flesh of a Tiger,
clouds on a landscape in the miniature
painted on a button, sewn in a carpet.

Resilience! *à la manière d'un trou noir…*
The prefect is understandably halting.
*Pursuit of happiness, angriness, saddium.*

Palatial as a whispering breeze is on an icy night.
We have the rhythm of the River on our side.
Branches out on the crepuscular dimness,
an attitude of tiredness in the soil, the leaves,
a breath is let out and sucked in on the promontory
near the spire, a boy well-dressed and versed
walks to the podium with a flourish, or hides
near the spire to see a monk ring the bell.
*An old monk pulling on a rope,*
*the twine of Ages, a republic of silence,*
*the throat of the bell lets a yell ring out,*

*“Shine on us sterling qualified,*
*the ringing is heightened*
*by the squadron of twinkling prisms.”*

Better than a Theatre of Night. That one has carnival masks, funereal masks, and of course the full array of theatrical masks, take your pick at the door. We have our own *commedia del’arte*, with a cast of creatures displayed midst their movements in the disjointed narrative. We have *the Baron.* We have *Victor Vortex.* We have *Alex, Patrick, A.B., Bella, Theonoe, Virginia Woolf, Helen, Baron Van Holzt,* Thomas Alva Edison, The Doctor. All the cast of characters for the opera near its finish.

# III
# The Baron of St-Hilaire:

St-Hilaire the town. It was in the beginning of St-Hilaire’s history, the late 1800’s, 1890s, there was a man who lived in St-Hilaire, was a friend of Ozias-Leduc the painter, near the mountain Mont-Saint-Hilaire, the highest point in the region, beautiful apple-trees, parks, streams, enchanting landscapes all year round: *St-Hilaire, the place of my birth, my home, say I, the Baron, Baron P. Projectionist.* That wasn’t meant as an offence to the actual writer of these words. There are a few agents at work who form the machinery of Alex the writer. This is not about the writer, this is about the cast of characters. They have hearts and this is their hearts’ history.

He’s said to be a direct descendant of Ludwig van Beethoven. We have no way of clearing that fact. The Baron walks in and out of stages, of the times, of eras, fading in and out of history a fabled character, a truth known to many lucky enough to make his acquaintance. And many have not been so happy that they’ve met him, for he can bring bad luck if the cards are misplayed.

He wears a green hat, is a sort of leprechaun. We see those in mystical visions all the time. The rainbow, the leprechaun, the pot of gold. The same story told over and over. A narrative, why ask why? The Baron is a mystery because we said it was a mystery. Never use I, an old Benjaminian maxim. The Baron lies within us, sounds corny, and is slightly on the Romantic side. What we venture to do is to expose the present moment and how it churns stylistically. We exhibit the norms and cycles of present-day Rhetoric.

P. is for Projector. The Projector is a might character in modern involvement. He is a character of Reflections, Baron-flickering-light in-the-pond-of-the-Napoleonic Night. Glittering lights, dark night, the man with the green hat. We’ve met them all, the conceptual beings. The mathematical heroes.

We’re not sure what he does, the Baron. He goes to the church in St-Hilaire thrice a week. He sees the pastor is all we know. The Baron walks in and bows, then goes through the aisles to where the pastor prepares for Wednesday night prayer. What happens next we do not know.

There are shapes held within us, genetic shapes, shapes of our DNA. We carry them with us, this internal symbolism, the heart, the lungs, the encephalon. We walk through daily life with a whole wheel of shapes and sounds, part language, part imaginary paradise, part pure conceptual thought, thoughts of the *abstract genius*. The abstract genius can project through various metamorphoses of an object, see the changes in his mind and recount them verbally, in written form, in mathematical language of in epic verse. The Baron is the best of the flock, he guides the other birds home for springtide. The Baron is one of our faces. Call us Jungian if you will, we believe in a set of prototypes. Each individual’s prototypical shapes resemble another’s, for we all feed from the same database, the communal mind of scattered reason. Our projections form the body of the abstract realm of thought. Each individual gives his or her *two-cents-worth*, each places a piece of the jigsaw puzzle on the wall, each helping reconstruct what was lost, what fell, what was so scattered when Babel was smashed. The ladder, the double-helix: *the vortex, the spiral vortex, the double vortex, in thought, these are DNA shapes that we hold in our beings.* Call it dream symbolism.

# Noises:

Empty, silent theatre. Black and white flashing in intervals, a strobe-light flashing in a quick rhythm, a high speed rattling, rumbling, the cage, the television, the House in flames of electricity, the eyes, no fires just decency and a flamboyant *will-to-do*.

Infinite retrograde reversions. 15 minute story of a cinema in Old Montreal. The curtains pulled the veils leaving revealing a white canvas for projection. Enter the cinema, old janitor/projectionist cleaning the floors after a night'' gamble. People are veritably coming in swarms to see the trinity of films.

We each have a set of slides. One of the sets is about an old cinema, Gothic architectural style, carpeted walls, ivory inlays in the wall, beautiful masonry, gentle woods, smooth tones. This is the back of the real, the underside with waves churning in decisive whirls. What the Baron did for us was evoke a world of smitten goodness where we can revel in the construction of a new Babel. Baron Babel: *interchangeable monikers*. So we continue as the dark abysm of the operetta sets a chorus free into the room.

Deep burgundy black of the abyss spoons forth a chorus of wasps dashing thither to hither with choleric mass hysteria delving in tongues of mixed euphoria, mad words and belching illustrations of the inner gravity of the previous silence of the cinema. The chorus screeches and runs inward the theatre filling the aisles, sitting, standing on chairs, viewing a production of Baron P. Projectionist, a new film by Alex Lavigne-Gagnon about his childhood in Otterburn Park, with mountains and churches and a river, a bridge; we see the audiences flock in to see the 7 o'clock show.

When there is an emptiness, matter seems to fill it. An empty theatre desires a mass audience. The emptier it is, the bigger the audience. So this is what the old janitor is thinking as he mops the wooden floors. There's a mosaic made of tiles in front of the screen. Sometimes Indian dancers come and give performances on the mosaic. An episode of grave inquisition. Lucifer comes to teach children.

And so the theatre, bleak and frozen in Time, a lost hero, constructed in text, described, painted in words, is the more powerful by virtue of its stillness and impoverishment of loneliness, desertion, aisles and aisles of fog, mists from invisible cigarettes, mists of the loneliness felt in the wood, the black squares of chairs, rows of them, the curtains and draperies on the wall, the curtains open, the screen pulled up, the stage where actors three nights a week perform Shakespeare's best, and existentialist plays of the more modern era.

This is where Noises reaches a bifurcation in the path. We see a play projected on the stage of the Heart. This is happening in between frames of the empty theatre. A noise is heard, a great mechanical noise, pistons, explosions, collisions, and we see a group of actors flash in a methodical rhythm. The rhythm is to teach states of consciousness. The human being is that stage and on it are projected a group of actors in one configuration at a time. My configuration might be a tragedy, or might exemplify an ironic twist. In the midst of action, the actors, if we could freeze time which the body accomplishes, the actors show the full spectrum of human consciousness in their respective facial expressions, knowledge, action, what props they are holding, what tools they might be using. The blank theatre is where it all begins. We add parts like we would add functional parts to a concept. A concept is a little chariot. You add compartments to the chariot like you would an old house add rooms. So we have one path turning into two separate paths.

# New Exhibition:

Flowers and candlelight. Rembrandt in his studio. Always a painter, we revert to the painter in the third part. That is how the concept goes. The prison scene. Labyrinth, Cavern, Circus, Pastoral/Gothic. There is a spectrum of Tone. We have a polyphonic prose.

The order is changed every once in a while according to the layout of the text. When we want to enter a trinity, which here is to represent the last perceptible vestiges of Vapors/Abysms in a quasi-mystical text, we merely do enter one and write about its rainbow of symbolism.

It's the Baron becoming Noises becoming the New Exhibition. New Exhibition is the Great Fair at the end, like a garden or paradise idealists would use to procure Hope for the rest of the mission. There are two main theories on New Exhibition. One is that *New Exhibition* is not by the same film-maker as *Village Hero: the Baron of St-Hilaire* and *Noises.* That thought would secure for the film an air of obscurity, of vagueness; if it IS by the same author, then it makes no sense. If it isn't by him, it makes more sense. But the other leading thought on the matter is that it IS his film and is an autobiography of his actual life. They say that with *Village Hero* he made it obscure who the Baron was. With *Noises* he fixed the foundation of his *Tonal Cinema* on which his life story was played out in *New Exhibition.*

Another theory is that the order we have them in is not the order they were filmed in. Some seem to think that Noises was the last film whereas New Exhibition is the first and Village Hero is the second film. Again, that changes the whole perspective from which we see the author's work.

*One act in an apartment in Old Montreal, another act at a theatre in the same part of town.*

We make it through corridors in the catacombs, the library of dead books, Alexandria, the dead library [not anymore, today the Alexandrian library is thriving]. Exhibitions of new art by up-and-coming artists. What we want to embody is the aesthetic experience of a modern-day style of art that is the textbook style, is vorticist, ideational, conceptual, and weaves in all styles from art history [in its ideal state]. With this mutating style that encompasses historical styles, important ones in history, we have the advantage in this day and age to see it with a fresh light.

Sarcophagus is the Carnival Wheel with Empty Teeth. The Cinema rolls on with a torrent of forces and immaculate precision in the dishevelling of reality, of fragmentation of the orb of reality, the Of-experience, of a place, of coming from the origin-point humanity spools through the machine. Stop the slide and project it onto the white canvas screen. We see spots, black and white, squares, rectangles. We see lines floating by, panning from left to right, the camera catches a great blur of objects of import, contorted faces in the murk of a reflection in a pond, the sound of ice being crushed, of the back-fire of a vehicle. We hear an airplane in the sky moving away from us as the main character speaks,

*"I've made it through the final metamorphosis. I am a new creation being created in every moment. I change, I am mutability, the carnal wheel, the visions, chambers of the visceral opera, the penmanship of embodying the visually manifest, of the curator's job, an ongoing exhibition in the moment, Time is only present time, is a magic mountain in an hourglass, mountain of sand, of particles, of light waves reflecting off a crystal vase, of the genesis of a universe too beautiful to leave behind, of emptiness in Da'ath creating a multiplicity of personalities, personas, the Great Exhibition where it is all laid out flowing in a great stream, a cavalcade of motion, commotion, the earth's gravity pulling us down harder on our shoes, petals of a dream rose falling one by one to the wooden floor in uneven planks, the theatre was a go, we built it in less than a year, great Gothic cathedral-cinema with exhibitions on the top floors, new artists exposing what heaven gave them, their part of the puzzle, through the labyrinth, you see, THIS is what comes out of my mind when I am ecstatic, when I see the gems of truth, the spectres of knowledge, when I face existence and break the orb with a smash of my mind's powerfulness. I am the Baron [plane is gone], hear me and mark my words. We have erected a New City and are going on a Voyage."*

***

Finis operis

***

***

# *Vortex II:*

***01/16/01 5:09:03 PM***

***

**I Mechanics: a Prelude…**

This is at the beginning, when nothing else was waking, a vacancy, no entrance in the cloister of impure light, cathedral in domed lucidity; somehow a black apparatus has shackled itself to my arms: I write in black as ever, this ink now also becomes a vehicular for the transportation of a new fragrance.

A *figura*. Don Juan skating on the thin ices of mid-February emotional disparagement. Projectors in storage, this is for the eye, the mouth, the ears, to the touch; miles closer in the inner hemisphere of the dystopic life my city broken sailboat through the calamitous straits, the isles, my fright and talisman, the dilapidated smile suits my englance, my yellerope, druidity comforts me blazing iron metal links cavern.

*Somber* like ice pellets. Blaze right by 'em, in unison contriving up a smart so something triumphant belongs to the dance; anything can be influential if the rhythm is catchy. Toxicity levels in brain one are malingering madly in providential musings the lure of lamps and mirrors.

In the shadow of Surrealism, CURRENTLY, this verily verily I say unto you,

The truth is bitten, is tired, is withering away, and lays remnants too proud

To stay very long in the room before running away, scared, a white-sand whiteness

Spraying language in gear-work for fool-fodder, the radicalness of the verb,

An heir to Nachtville, nichtis, gramophones puzzling—

This I deliberately threw on the floor. Apples and toboggans for grandmother's kids, the little ones. We route this way course in the summer, but not flies down hillside, nah. We rather ride bikes than slide down a dirt hill. Romanticism will never be Born.

Truest glare in the eyes, thrownness into dire and dour, dark drake, roots and spindle prick; Those whom wither with the whitiest shall consume red ideational blur come this Opposite's day at the Carnival of the Heathens. Never let never anybody remember forget.

Laden with idolatry, covetous of the neighing satisfaction, bidding relinquishment. Bidding's a sad time to the rope-puller, guilty flesh pulling notes tied in rope that's worn, worn old, timely, they say. I've a bit of a hardened skin on me hands from pulling me rope all day. To the bell in the old fortress Tower.

Gravity is knitting sewers of my inner organs. Darkness descends mad-whurl on my passion-fitted skull. Decisions will remember me when I've got none left to sew; I'll be a collegiate mastermind sewing baskets of fine wines and raw basking by the time I'm thirty. That is a darker prose than most bits.

Secure me my tomorrow's blends. We'll reunite by Thursday with a river deepening the gorge. Slanted caravan meal of ash threnody; be this my bidding in Time, then a shielded ego is nursed underneath. Many, many neon lights parade in the coffeehouse. Books by the dozen stack the efflorescent shelves.

Then the story holds, we'll reunite in commodity. The Mechanics are Forms. High above Mount Etna, the mount of mounts, where-under lays Vulcan's blacksmith shop with hammers clanking and shields erect in the millisecond's breadth. We see the dark ash being violently spewed from the volcano; Inside the smithy, Vulcan sits ponderously waiting an order from the other gods, a command to make an avalanche of metal, of weapons for oncoming war. Hail the Onslaught, Hail fruition in the shop! Slow pan.

FORCE AND MOTION

Apocalyptica in fluid apprehension, tandems in glorious high tidings, the rudiments of physical manipulation, manifest glory in dividing the notions among fluid friends, the truck, the postal service, a caravan will do if lightning is in nebulous clouds and sparks a fresh paint glimmer over the horizon as though a candlelit dinner were operating behind curtains.

Hail the bruit that shadows mercilessly over our ears when the shopsmen bleed swords. Pray as the piper tools a totem. Forward on the Cartesian plane. Move to checkmate your adversary. Paper plates on the promontory of Time.

FRICTION AND MACHINES

Angst, propagation of nervous tissue, issues glistening with wit, with vile fluid maternity, the fluid of life, juices flowing ataraxia motors to the cupid's eye of target emissions. Malediction to the choicest provisory. Crank and rattle the pump of motion, we're alter-egotives, the larger the sum that shambles a

lot more procuring than this mettlesome ebloomescence. Purposive on the whole, to delay arousal of the sense-perception. 1910 robots in ink drawings, in pencil [*in pencil:* sounds like Latin]. For the purpose of post-modernist purposelessness.
PROPERTIES OF FLUIDS
Vaporous exhalation, an effluvium of mischance. We tell the tale in mildew, in moisture on the forefront, globules, wetness splashed out cups bucketful by mires and swampland, flushed with the exordium of a newer science, with a stillness before the storm of the argument.

SOUND [WAVES/MUSICAL SOUNDS]
A christening at noon, a whirlwind on the sea at hightide on a Tuesday night, 7 pm. Musical relationships exist outside music, in the winds, the doors slamming, in footsteps on a dimly lit parking lot pavement. The Intellect, the Will, the Heart. A trinity, the basic major triad in harmony.

MAGNETISM
Carnival teeth in the making. Furnish the burgundy cloth for the projection of the totem. Relinquish all heroes who wish to sew a few more deeds into the ash pit. Animal manliness parading in a zootsuit. Marshals thrash through bedrooms seeking the elixir discovery that will bind the soldier to detention.

RADIO
Harsh the flavor, hark the herald misery swings doors in arcane cavern hut, the minx coat or halibut for luncheon on the stony grass. Makes me think of cherubim saving our petty souls from on high with the melodious, intangible wash of a heavenschoir when I'd rather think of keeping from spilling chalices at the bacchanalia no matter what sounds are made that I can never hear.

THE EYE AND VISION/OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS
Projector/Projectionist captivating with an excellence of charm.
Dutiful ad baggage to the moor's door, providential apt cavity.
Lunar vastness on the primordial ground,
Resting in solid brass for the confectioner's dance.
Eye to eye meeting
In sudden gallantry.

INTERFERENCE
O how very many Ferries have been missed before!
The silent harbor quieted all the merry more
For the break of a sententious mission
To reward the world with a question.

DIFFRACTION
Light particles reflected on the ocean surface.
Prisms shovelful random asking
penitentiary wisdom to the lozenge of war
redeeming Mars' spoil embroilment.

**II Polarities**

Rembrandt is in the studio. He sits the suitor in the midst of the *pièce*, therefore a perfect candlelight, a staircase. Sharpening off the edges. We've been since word one sent on a caravan lesson into argot growing mossy foots on the urchin-tip tongue of the modern maestro poeticizing luxurious tendencies toward the vernacular, the arrogant, the missused, the general linguistic dysfunction, untidiness, convolution in form and in the sentence. Stops for no reason. This is Rembrandt bubbling about his *pièce*, through box rattle, anxious brushstrokes on the clean palette before commencement of the masterpiece.

A bell sounds from a bell tower in town. Floors creak and crackle.

Proprietors at the bar *Idyllic*. Darkened mood, modernistic. Neon lights. The Dark, The Light; we have the Rembrandt feel. Flitting flames fit in the moonlit night, the escapade in esperenza *Unschuld*,

innocence, the unbranded silent queendom of a pastoral landscape. Luminist irony in the wilted flower enflamulet. Vapors, Abysms, Old Beloeil, the Auberge, the St-Hilaire Bridge. Mountains. Churches.

Rembrandt picks a brush, his finest. Pointed tip, lithe little fellow, brush of the brushes, *pinceau, penello, Handbesen.* J'ai completement oublier dans quelle langue j'écrivais. Les thèmes me manquent, par respect à la Mort, je dis que j'oublie, les rêves, les mystications, les révélation. Quand est-ce que nous pouvions mettre nos bottes à la porte, la casser? Emène ton petit pinceau. Une messe maintenant.

**III Symbol**

*Street:*

Cobblestone, she says, when staring at me her eyes tell more than the carriage, sound itself, meters, grass, graphs, all the deferential matters that swim-swarm in and out of repeated existence; she is a swan, an echo, a wineglass: though tragedy slums her lip to crestfallen *fallibilis*, no one—rains if I— knows.

*Carriage:*

More than a shadow. She lays staring, laying wayward in tornadoes of ashen striation, gyres in her eyes; wodden chariot *per* lanes in her whirligig hair. *Wudu wod*, that's the might.

*Blossom:*

Further looping triangular vertices, megrims in inken digest of providential corruptability, drowned and digressing to infantry elixir more vacuum than the blackiest. Star-naught, expulse your carriage, a vessel to these Hades bright-eyed pageantry, make-up and boredom, vacuity, slumbering genius, shelves off, together we unite in the park on Wednesday, the casual walk, a stripe and a tracery linked a blue violet skull, quake and cavern, a graveyard earthen beddery lane's angels, angles, priority talks of the maelstrom novella jazz-bruit. Colonial way-farers discussing the attributes of a lay waste petal lay waste.

*The Stage:*

Prose like 5 o'clock shadows at night, people walking; markets and café Opium stalkers in uniform. Ebullition. Tragedy. Whimpering black sootiness in the ashtray, whispers of the dreams we share, the pederasty, the genius, and lay waste petals of petal lay waste petals.

*Reaction:*

Wired, vied for, reluctant to go. We're an arrow in motion towards a caving green engine, Wisdom, the driving force of our full potentiality. It is a vice-regent to our Sources. Whilst we stray in the hunger quarries, we'd better find a way to equate jurisdiction with a fluider digestible reality than by which we live in.

*Forest:*

Trashmills hillside worry-dunes, the tangled net-mesh of a bridge-dynamic twilight park, tree by dozen trees be miles high crashing in excited whimpering, the wooden softness of meekness, of a shroud. Dark fire-stone pelt of the forest at night, the martyrs who sneak there to bid farewellings to the woman foster.

*History:*
Finality, simultaneity, contemporaneity, similitude,
counterreversion, Abstract philosophy. Synchronicity,
superperspective, Digression, Convolution, excesses of the mind,
perversion, the Symbol, the Poem, Modernity, Salvaging, a Hero…

**IV Poem**

*Theatre:*
The Abstract Cinema, Cinema Abstract,
Absurd, Abward the Snowy thrush;
Links in ivy growth, the chimney rook
way-faring in quiet shadow.
We link to the dreary day pipe,
miles we milk a leaden liturgical mass canon.
So to the beforward days, mine's lightning;
Procession to vile tides, way canyon
Food for thoughts to reunite data
Cast as in moths's purity
To Ash Cavern:
Invite.
Always is inviting someone for margaritas.
The plural is expected in *Inferno-Dionysian* Cities.
Circus-toned, the rulering mass-hijackers.

*Night:*
A barrenness leading to moribundity,
taut-skinned, famished barrenness
ripping the mind a-shred,
the beacon fadeth, Aurora,
Comes untimely, dark;
sullen, grim solitude
In a dry room,
solidity of walls surrounding,
creating the arcade, an ageless
covent of weary witches, myself,
I've come a long way, tired,
suitcase, to bed, all these
swollen years, broken throat
from all the shouting;
I keep myself busy with a cigarette
to pacify the habit of existing.

These are my formal years,
it hurtrs to know this truth,
that all I do is in learning
and may hurt more the morrow.

Desertion, space swirling round me
swallowing me, gyrating into the hole,
grasping my breath, my comforter,
dragging me and my crude beingness
towards unholy space, surrounding,
constrictive space, flavorless.
These are years of Constitution;
I'm tired, wearied to continue.
But time is nothing, money much less,
let's to the vehicle, we'll part kindly,

when rush is burst of still air,
let us enjoy the break from monotony,
and leave, leave this burgeoning land,
this damp castle of its nothingness to spare.
The crypt is my shelter
I lay there for peace.
Dream me a better place
And I shall continue:

Till then, I am a glance.
These are my terminal years.

When wan barrenness comes to soot,
clean the slate and harbor
a new beginning
in breathlessness.
Come to the conclusion,
this existence is honored in
1)Flexibility for Space;
2)Time by patience.

*Travel is hard on the ankles.*

Winter, what needs be said?
Cold name, cold river, cold taste…
I'll sacrifice my sanity to the cold.

I'll throw more on the fire;
of the breath, keep giving.
I'm more inclined
to think myself ready
for anything.
To the loose, busy!
I've cut time in half by evasion
of the one tragical notion:
to Conceive!
ready the nets, I'm nothing!
These thoughts disquieting
bring monk's shadow to the iris.

*Flower:*
Drag the net, sprawl all aerials;
Combining makes attachment,
we live to lag hunger.
Pronounce the Word!
I've become emancipated of joylessness,
creating a true fruition,
in dark reservoir
final cage
devoured by breadth of being
sadly a crown jury minced us
the Process killed with boring days
not a victim but a shovel
to dig into dry matters for no reason
just the joy of monotony.

A flower in all this has no place, so it was put.

**V Architextures**

*For today to be way caring cannons:* *Also if the star's vaguely coward:* *Mnemo:*
Lost in utter dust, the vacuousness To redistribute cavernous howls lay wasting
ends all in an attempt to supervene, Side by self-sufficient furious side the thus -ly centred

malign tantrum-pullers, Caliban Corybant, a wasted way-farer in allegiance to *Stone*
something cynical pageantry husk: Interest in lakes for ire and fiery waters, Towns, *Towers.*
*clinical* dusk-writer be paid And if not then, be quiet, for us alone we are there
*memory* for bread is well made. Thus the question is remunerate why issues thus.

**QQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQQ**

Vast as a hillside mansion, mothering, smother bothersome in the ends that meet the meanings. Stasis basin, a mile by mile bipartisan raceship of mighty seldom notion construedness, flaking.

A race of the bigger smartster climbing a forester hill. Meet the vigilante warrior. Mechanics of silence. A new art. Textbook style. Mathematician's midnight quarrel midst A fair rebuttal to the stewardess' grace.

*Brothers who hope* *Dravers drill da parknet witticism extra finis,* *Throughout*
*That night will foster* *the middle of the stage, apartments wooden,* *Heaven*
*The rudimentary lesson-call* *ladles of the grey-room fuss,* *Of fusticant broiling*
*Call the lesson everywhere* *mitigation in the session-house:* *else the motorcycle*
*Miserly dungeon-rope* *Bring me my tidings in the gross-net waterfowl* *Rides!*
*To the bipartisan!* *Dream as may be the considerations of finality.* *A puzzle.*

*Servants of Light, of waves, particles* **WAYS** *that unfathomably rice the puddles quaint*
*beatific in the moorlings of estifar* **AWSY** *when the wages foster helpenkind, aroot*
*To byproduce the denizens* *awar!* **YSWA** *To Jesus high alarming, glory-seekers!*
*To the Race, the motorcycles of hell!* **SYAW** *Unchangeable matinee jarring the door!*

Then to the moorings lost in battlements, issues netted together forming vowel-wheels of sound. The O and the A are a third apart. Corybantic sewer-hopes, the letters. Viscount of the stony grave, alive and well attended to. Deliverance beyond this day: I bid thee well along and through.

That's if as far it can count on us to do it of on a without.

To contribute silence if the note is passed. Mine's left-field as wingèd as can be. Live long to the East, the West is nil, nullified, sparse if milk is ever needed. Goat-herds blight the setting of a new-born sun. Come running, come, the summer skirts let flimsy spill the country floor.

Daughter to erase derision in divesting a dancer's moorings out-a-place.

Clomp the grassy shield in sheds word common to all, made of a bilious integument, a frenzied motoring reign of the follicle the fastest the flood, forming. If ever I built one, a tower, it was Babel. Reminds me of everything worrisome, of confusion dispersed through the teacup of my disinheritance.

Milk, how would she say it? milk is not a spice, milk is not a spice if it is well-kept. Keep it in the fridge, it is not a spice. A spice, is it not? That one is a spice, the milk on the other hand is not. Keep that one on the spice-rack and this on the refrigerator. Keep it fresh, it is milk, is not a spice. Spice preserves.

*******

*In separate misery, colder the* **IT** *the throng settled in settlements*
*The doors caught wide unopen* **TI** *morass and lightning proud:*
*Doors caught madness To exit the park in a muddled wisdom rain.*

Babel. Title song of the procurient admissal. Providentiality. Grotesque net-husk, a particle-wave theory built in the engine of a war-spoiler. Afront the broken covenant. Mixed issues. David departed, Moïse, half-partisanship. To the Tower, allangels! Michael and the gang! Produce, heed not, yelp!

To sacristic pens we divide time the ropes of it into compartments of paper petals winking stars awful to the horrific sun's ghost, a moon in fleshy tones. Graves, sidewalk, electric mileage on the produce motorcycle. Hell is one fine trip away, take it any kind you might, or by nightfall make way to

the Ahead, prancing to the airs that farm our retinue. Milk products make meek a task. We'll then to Follow.

Worries of Lethargy, grimness, solid stoic silence, the morning after a chilling night, crepuscular ecstatic propulsion of sadness in waves. Cupid's minotaur, he licenses an ill check to matadors who flight the staircase in bone-rattling, open-mouth wide in the wait of the avalanche. Gaping thunder-hoop of fiery inwardness, the earth jars open to a chunky whirl dividing over the thin line of Dream and Reality.

| | |
|---|---|
| **Mercredi** | **SUN IS AT SOLE POLE ELOPE LOST AS IN US** |
| **ercrediM** | **US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE ELOPE LOST AS.** |
| **rcrediMe** | **N US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE ELOPE LOST AS.** |
| **crediMer** | **IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE ELOPE LOST.** |
| **rcrediMe** | **S IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE ELOPE LOST.** |
| **ercrediM** | **AS IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE ELOPE LOST.** |
| **diMercre** | **T AS IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE ELOPE.** |
| **iMercred** | **ST AS IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE ELOPE.** |
| | **OST AS IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE ELOPE.** |
| | **LOST AS IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE ELOPE.** |
| **steryMa** | **E LOST AS IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE ELOPE.** |
| **Mastery** | **PE LOST AS IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE.** |
| **ryMaste** | **OPE LOST AS IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE.** |
| **teryMas** | **LOPE LOST AS IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE.** |
| **asteryM** | **ELOPE LOST AS IN US. SUN IS AT SOLE POLE.** |

Story-boards of Galactic 1920tha. Towards the neon bandits, cuspidors dancing wildly with cheering footstools, wires from the lamp giggling and whirling about on a trapeze. We are the Room, are enclosed in it, can go no further. The Room is our singular building-block. Monad or otherwise, unit, the poem, Irony a device of complex counterreversion. Tragedy is the event. Relational Linguistics, a buffoon's exhibition of Time and the Abstract. The Hero steps out in the third act. He is an able-bodied miniature of the Main Complex. His Office is high treason. He is a falsifier. He falsifies texts. Balances humanitarian revolt.

**VI Irony/Tragedy**

A sad tale, caravan, carriage and winter Russia sadness meekdom overcoat. Pockets & sleeves of a dreary winter tore wide open in the dream carrier vessel of yawning Triumph. They were Rhythms, they were tried and hanged at *Les Trois*, The *Ouvert Sessions* discussed in class on Tuesday.

Lexicon is of Tragedy and Irony in mixed [minced] lessons. Rhetoric is the wheel. This is the way.

Cut the book. Relocate the hidden message. Rooms shift in homes on the west side of the city nexus. Beam the high ones, bliss showmanship's in session. We have mixed issues, covenants. A red-brick road becoming a tenement house, the sky blue in forgotten whispers. Dreary ages ago, still the stillest.

Referential lexicon, the cue-card solution. Make paintings. We activate the memory function of the mind, accelerate its rendering images clear in the mind from past events; the cue card tradition began in the beginnings of modernity solve the equation: *once again, like in the orations of Demosthenes, perfection is achieved.* Our monuments of memory are visible in all parts of the Self-Referential Textbook. Open it at random and achieve the full Complex of the System. The more you read the clearer it becomes.

The Tragedy is that man cannot equate Time with silence. He foregoes silence and speaks rotten words into the void, the flowers, other people, his animals. His cadences rise and then fall, like all things in nature, like stars; he stops and continues on another page. Makes complex sentences for the fun of it.

Man cannot avoid speaking his mind. If he thinks politically incorrectedness is *passé*, he will state it with whatever means he has. The saddest part is the human being's need for dissatisfaction, discontentment. His blues, megrims, solitude are necessary. Man will not survive if he doesn't feel lonely. If he never felt lonesome, he would kill, go on a mad remorseless rampage to be unforgiven.

He rises and he falls. Man is unkempt. He is the Dirty Hero. Bandits fill the streets streaking their open sorrow. Maxims pass by mouth and gesture to ear and eyes. "Make the Textbook, it's self-providing; it culminates in a silent end to madness." Let's to the Dance, to Music parading on ancient thoroughfares. This is the deterrent to madness. The solution is in a self-taught musical angle architect. The Book is this device, is the answer: *make a didactic book, a textbook, that holds the paradoxical equation throughout.*

**VII Relational Linguistics**

The Purpose has been instilled, distilled, and better still, fulfilled in the course of our literary meetings. To be in Knowing of our Mid-Science, is great. Referential lexicon is but a means chosen to present the Abstract.

Picasso dry tones, dirt in the sandbox, el toro grim stalker of the alliance, midnight vocal point plexus in Chakrah madness: 7-prong fork. Let's to the music! Papillon! vexed old sergeant!

I could tell you it was the truth, the true Textbook Style; I could do you a favor and let you figure out the final digit of pi. I think it is a 1. When you get far enough in pi, the numbers will approximate 1 or 0, it will *stabilize* as a wave and stand between for example 3.13999 and 3.14001, oscillating to and fro, eventually being equated to 3.14. Reads out like the history of numerals, a great parade, circuses. When you look close enough, you see a Reflection of the universe in Pi. The circle is near-perfect.

*Carnival of the Heathens:*

**Le vieux clochard:**

Old monk high in a spire,
ancient monk, tower ancient the more;
tugging on ropes for the bellman's song
with dry ropes, gnarled ropes,
earthen ropes falling like wet blankets.
thug, thud, a prickly cord descending at the tug.
Who last saw our bell a-tower?
She was kept safe till her own din threw her
off the towering heights:
Down to sad old monk
With empty hands,
Seeking the bell, no bell found,
Bell disappeared,
Just an old dry rope descending in thorn and spiral,
Broken hopes of the wedding's tolling
or the hour Twelve with the ringings most inspired;
rung, the old bell played her tune
when we were lost and
found home through her crystal agency.

Bell of a million villages lost under the lake's emerald beyondest.
Mangy priest, arms out grasping a rope falling sheets of knotted snow,
his heart a-sigh and melancholy at the great tower
and an absence.
Nothingness of rope, yards long,
Tumbling down crestfallen twirls,
Downtrodden heart of aspirations unmet;
No bell to soothe young yearners
Mad with desires and fleshy tears
Crowded at the church with unholy spire,

black spire with no ringing when once it were incessant;
Lonely winter spire in snowy quilt
and loosened lovers hearing of the news:
“Bell, our Bell, undone in this cold month; Remember Her!”
Glint in the briar’s muck about his eye;
Grim tears sluicing like silken vomiting.
“Our tower is naked, help me sire descend from my barren spire!
No pearly hopes to guide me down, no ringing to inspire!”
Lost in the ancient church tower
Bell-less and unhappy, dispirited,
A blue funk falling like ancient soreness
Or a blue hospital sheet with fingers tugging madness,
Hairy madness of the unkempt ghost
Who lurches and tugs from within,
his blackened heart desiring one last peek at the Realness,
the clarity he once knew when he was in the village,
when lunch break was a bell’s tolling away,
when he watched schoolboys and schoolgirls trot,
when his work was needed and the church beyond
rang hell’s bells and he thought it was a comfort.
Out from your beyondest beyond, ghost!
Into the miry waters of underground hopelessness,
Of want and cheerless lostness, abandoned in vacancy of all,
Passing into the medium of Forgot
Like one’s childhood blanket
Or a grey hawk passing in twilight sootiness,
Then perched in midnight gracious oak branch,
Raven-mad with blackest thought
Pronouncing liturgical parson’s pardon
in prayer, then silence, then the bell’s god-awful toll…
Blue eyes of the grey monk in his olden years,
dry, pockmarked hands, pulling at the lengths of rope,
yarny yard after taut-shorn yard, and the end,
a spiralling shaft, a dropping ligature in bulks,
heavy basket reeling of thick entwining,
coral rope basking in fluid tomorrow
where it will lay a useless rope without its bell;
The bell that was the rope’s one and only purpose!
The bell that was the monk’s treat of the day!
Silence in the surrounding villages,
A mountain-face empty of satisfaction of the bell’s echo on its marble prim.
Scout out forever this stolen bell!
No, the bell rang its course,
The bell went beyond the beyondest, ah!
Crowd around, dead monks, and hear heaven’s bell ringing
Ode after Ode after beautiful psalm for the lost pride and joy;
vanity fallen, rise O masterful spirit of myrrh and mirth!
Diluted in monkhood and shadows,
Grey spirits rising in ravaged discontent,
Empty ropes sagging in broken depths of the wailing…
All’s left is a heap of tangled rope-smut
Devoid of a palatial ringing,
Heaven in the flesh of a bell’s immaculate twang.

***

We will never know Surrealism, being in the shadow. We will not know it, yet we will perform its tricks at all times. The textbook style, being cut-up into tiny fragments, is perhaps cubist or vorticist. We haven't seen the full motion of the textbook. That will happen in the main part.

Though the textbook is not fully perfected, its idea has been known to humanity for quite some time. Many modern writers have used it. Tonal Cinema was but another attempt by a modern to accomplish a self-reflected work, a work in which each page gives the main thesis, the main plot, idea, and was a text-based work, self-referential, in the style of a lexicon. We have used the cue-card trick to show circular motion. The Object of this thesis is mainly the Vortex. All other devices used contribute to the example set forth by the Vortex itself. Ideational vortex, optical-illusive vortex, linguistic vortex.

Follows the abstract.

# THE ABSTRACT:

**7.4 Mechanics:**

*1)*Redbrick madness shell cactus-thorns mad scorpion Mars battalion drowned in bitterest stuff cascade. A parade with smirking clown-monks. Make eyes to death, to bondage, to sprouting shrubbery out on the lawn.

Mantle and pricksome branches, spire on a hillside, old agèd thing, spiralling twixtscape staircase. Bottle-green grass on the hilltop, erudite academia language tsar naked and dishevelled, distorted in the fluid morning, morass of silence, stenches of better sweet self, the avalanche is stolen.

A vortex seen from atop. High on Malevich, flying down toward the airport for a late arrival. Little action, short LINES of action, OPPRESSED SQUARES, EMPTINESS, the vacuum, black, grey, beige, white, green, bridges, buildings automobiles, FUTURIST MUSIC, PAINTING, Cubism, Vorticism Suprematism, De Stijl… Existentialism.

A car that turns into an empty plane, into a sky full of stars, into a bridge, an elevator… mechanical
transformation. Tartans transmogrifying into each other. Metronome sounds, clicks, ticking, static, nervosity. The sounds of the city, horns, bumpers smashing together. Rubber burns smell.
THE 5 SENSES: SOUNDS, TASTES, SMELLS, SIGHTS, TEXTURES. Gritty textures, structures, architecture, musical forms, harmonic, melodic, the science of sound, harmonics, overtones and Malevich, sound of an airplane, different sound waves and the differences, similarities.

*2) a)* FORCE AND MOTION
Similitude rhyming in consent of sadness. Thunderward heading sluicing vertiginous green-swirl colliding. Victor Vector Vortex. The Hero. Rhythms keep forcing themselves to ebullition. Once in motion always in motion in the sphere of knowledge.

*b)*FRICTION AND MACHINES
Futurism called onto the machine, onto weapons of war. Bomb you, bomb me, I am a dadaist a cubist, a Surrealist; thenceforward the rhyme is in the quadrant of *resistance.* Of *reality.* Fluids and vapors ride over the crest of a warm wave. Light is radiation, is particular and airy. We see through the binoculars of the atmosphere into the great purple cloud. Mechanics break tides.

*c)*PROPERTIES OF FLUIDS
Trenched out in a ditch, a soft wavering flimsy waterletting, a streamlet squirming along the trash and ungilted edges of a streetside swamp, in spring, in the light of a warm sun. A light spritz falls from the heavens, downward on unlofty flesh. Abutted and battered flesh in the rain in Autumn.

*d)*SOUND [WAVES/MUSICAL SOUNDS]

The process is three-fold. First an introduction, then a series of variations, then the conclusion. An idea goes through the three I's: Interrogation, Incubation, Inspiration. Irrationality is the form of the modern wave. The threshold is coming up, let's walk through to Irreality.

*e)*MAGNETISM
Law of attraction. Of fragrance, of appearance. Necessity of the bond in nature, of a conductive medium to propagate the sound wave. The speaker uses all his background in linguistics to form a complex exposition of rhetorical devices, all the new ones, the irregulars we call 'em, figures of dementia, of animal magnetism, of freneticism. Newer figures involve Reflections, Mirrors, Lamps.

*f)*RADIO
Radio broadcast picked up by a receiver in the psychiatrist's office. Keeping up on the latest news. This doctor is a regular analyst, he studies all that is before him, all that falls between his hands. He reads extensively and listens to the radio every chance he gets. That way he keeps tab on modern pronunciations, on new additions to the catalogue of common usage in words.

*g)*THE EYE AND VISION/OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS
Peer through the Dream binoculars, through Time the transparent fabric.
Peer through an eye unopened, through the closed lid: *peer through it.*
The result is a series of images in combustion, of the eye creating
a full spectrum of forms, of visages, of The Vortex of sightlessness.

*h)*INTERFERENCE
Static sounds. An empty theatre. Theodorus walks in with a lamp and a bowl of oranges.
The night is a darkened bronze as the sun sets as the clouds pass the hours churn. Return
to the Machine, to War, of the senses, to Battlements of the Ego.

*i)*DIFFRACTION
The embroilment continues afterwards.
All is lost except a few penniless wafers.
God will transiently part with us
As the Lotus is eaten, and we're forgetful.

**7.5 Polarities:**
*a)*The darkness of a cavern. A circus, a tavern. Darkness, not just any darkness but the darkness you have when it is half-mixed with sterling steel, the darkness on the edge of a spoon, a silver thread of light, then the dark patch making circles and blobs. Polarities is the spoon and all its intrinsic beauty, all its music, its shouting grimness entwined with coverlets of swank notions all dizzy from being lodged in a utensil. These are parts of the whole structure. Once the piece is read from end to beginning or backwards, one sees the full use of the spectrum of the idea. The modern idea. There is but one, and is simple. It is a kleenex box on a fake marble table with a cigarette. The idea is a juxtaposition of events, of ideas, of newspaper clippings. Burroughs made great use of the Idea with his Blotting-out-of-word-science Science in his phenomenological notebooks. It takes patience, that's the name of the bill. Relational linguistics is the branch that divides ideas into smaller groups, but not the act of it, the result, what it looks like when we see it through a microscope, once we see the fabric of what's been divided, see where which part was sent, to which group, to which smaller branch. All is branched, divided, yet all holds the whole system.
Polarities is a dark studio with candles burning, or a cave. A tavern or a circus after closing when all is drooping and wet with sweat, when workers become freak civilians. When is not a question.
That's what we're all asking. We want to know about tomatoes, about how many dozen eggs we use all week long. We're survivalists, we're hungry and asking. That's what we need to know about today, about what tomatoes we ate, about how we're going to fix ourselves for tomorrow. Crystal wondering, want of emission of pureness. Crystal shattering, the curedness. Want of

emission of sadness for the morrow. We live for tide'sday, the longer we wait, the better we make haste for a Monday or a Tuesday. Make hither to the fog for wanting of a Thursday. Days longer and we have an emission of furnished bedrooms. Sheathing out the dolesome mirkity of a dozen flashbacks tiding each other in lent equation. Laxity in the fulsome wrenching of opposite-war. That's the curlisome do-want-to's that collide in the effervescence of the rail-draining, in smother.
*The darker it is, the better for the smothering. We glimpse a seven sideways for every warm tone.*

**7.6 The Symbol:**
Rhyme is a box, is a house, each room a compartment of the scheme of agitation, of rhymesting. Dance onward in the box, the house, the Cube of experience. Dance thither in the warm tones of autumn. Each word a religiously symbolic symbol. Signs. Parkway benches and a rhymester for Thursday. We onward pledge allegiance to the flag! forever rock our boats to sweets erudite yearndom! to finalize the emission of cruisedale. Robot elixir, saddle with the grim wit.
Sad young mother working on the farm, her laxen hair, flax in epistles to her martyrdom. To herself pining for relinquishment. Veils hanging florid and capacious, her hair drawn in a bun, woman of the flowers, of the heather, the moors; daughter of the ocean, of the Mediterranean Sea. The intoxication of the night leaves her listless, pondering the great disquietude of old parlors.

**Allegory of the vortex.**
A figura. A wave, wheel. A wreath, a tree, veils. Halfway between circle and square. Edges prominent. Fishhooks in realms obsolete, obsequious to the patronymic god *in excellence.* Promulgated as a shrine, whored off as the crystalline seed. Then the newspaper rings crinkle.

Introductions to, forward forth to seclude the riveting Truth of flower-baskets. She was a love to me, she was personification personified. A million writers write alone at night in a thousand different cities. No one thinks to get together and build; everyone tries for Babel all on their sweet lonesome. A little sharing and the problem's solved. But we need separation between us.

Chroma walks into his studio, leaves the door open expecting his model in 15 minutes. He isn't a cubist though many like to call him a late-modern one. He hates it. He prepares his paints, his easel; his canvas is already primed. In walks Lady Bethel for the portraiture in her long veils.

Chroma: "It won't be easy. It will happen, though. You're not leaving until I have a portrait."

Lady Bethel: "I expected as much."

Chroma: "So how has your week been? Anything spectacular? Tell me about your spectacles."

Lady Bethel: "You should have been at the cinema on Friday [*irony of exclusion]*. Jacob was a blast. Jacob is the projectionist. He played us an old movie from the 1930's I believe. Now I don't know exactly how he works, but he added a soundtrack. Maybe the movie was from the 1920's because as far as I know there wasn't any sound until he added it. And he played with the images, too. Well, I'm awfully ignorant when it comes to the cinema. All I know is that he played us something, something he said he edited, and it was spectacular. You wanted spectacular."

Chroma: "I don't know Jacob, I've only heard of him. What was spectacular? [*applies color*]"

Lady Bethel: "Well, he said he was interpreting the story of Rembrandt. It was very dark. Entire sequences of shots were of a canvas with a hand applying color to it. You know, seen from the perspective of the artist? It was noisy, he added all sorts of sounds *[car horn outside]*. I've never seen anything like it. The man painted a portrait of a stunningly beautiful dame,

Rembrandt, that is, and we heard the sound inside his mind, and you know, I think I understand your process now a little more than I did before this movie."

Chroma: "Amazing."

Lady Bethel: "Can I see what you've started?"

Chroma: "It's just the beginning. I'm trying to capture your emotions, the emotions I see as you speak of something that touched you. Sure, you can look at it, but please move to the chair afterwards."

Lady Bethel: "Did we agree on the nude portrait yet?"

Chroma: "Lady Bethel, I would enjoy that too much. There are times that I must refuse painting a nude portrait. Those times are when I am entirely attracted to the subject. It would be an avaricious painting and I can't have that, it's bad for my soul."
Lady Bethel: "Okay. I'm flattered."

Chroma paints what he sees, but more so, he paints with the empty space, lets the canvas paint Lady Bethel, lets her presence imprint onto the canvas as she most is deep in her hidden self, in the compartments she keeps only for her own nostalgia.

Chroma revels in portraiture. This image is the allegory of the ideational vortex. It instructs one in the art of Pre-Raphaelite Symbolist painters, Romanticists, Impressionists, Analytical and Synthetic Cubism, Abstract Expressionism, Suprematism [if the strain were taken that far]. In this version we took a shortcut to the very heart of the action, to Chroma waiting for Bethel, and now Bethel is making her way to Chroma's loft.

Bethel actually thought of the cinema before coming into Chroma's studio. It was rather coincidental that he asked for something spectacular and that the experience with Jacob popped up at once. Bethel is mostly focused on thinking about how she will look in the portrait. She knows Chroma's skill in various different art forms, sculpture, music, architecture, painting, dancing; he's a regular jack of all trades, and is excellent in all of them. A true modern Renaissance man. Bethel in her long veils takes the carriage to Chroma's place in the city. On the cobblestone streets in Old Montreal, she comes up to the door. "Thank you kindly." "Oui, Madame." [Yes, ma'am].

The allegorical subject, 'The Author and his Ideational Vortex'. A creator is in session, creating a Pre-Raphaelite painting of Bethel, a portraiture, and she speaks, "I know you like it when I talk passionately about things, so I decided I would tell you about my brother Ivan. I love Ivan, he's adorable. He's been practising fugues from the Baroque period on the harpsichord. He told me something about the Baroque period, he said, 'Bethel, let me tell you a story about the Baroque. It was told to me when I was in school. It has to do with Power.' I will never forget those words. Hierarchies, symbolic and social, a fragmented world on the brink of madness."

Chroma applies more and more color, dark curls in her hair, smoke from her cigarette. He captures her veils as they droop over her knee. Chroma painted her in a classical style, yet seized the various positions that Bethel had taken, showing the element of Time and of Mood.

**7.7 The Poem: unit of idea**

A particle. Poem theory is insulting to our broader aspects if we are a high-class reporter. Take one coin and observe it for an hour. Take a coin twice its size and study it for as long. The result will be that both feel to be the same size when observing them. Our minds adjust, the thing is always one single size, appropriate. Maybe it is too big to fit in your hand, still it is one unit. That is the poem, the unit of ideas. Thusward we see the poem being used as this minimilitude.

*Theatre:*
Ghastly night, the town is on top of things
why we know things we aren't in the Know
about the promontory Fire;
blackest flame pulsing
fickle flickering
around the angel's eyes.
*To the North,*
*my Eye's republic,*
*the Stars primeval.*
Daughter to the Sun's demise,
a chance to catch a visceral flu,
abject misery in the tidings
long we follow dearest servitude.
That is a lie,
to be servile,
what muck it's wrought.
Black as the aftermath of gelatine,
of a marksman shooting a grapefruit
from a mile away.

Theatre of the Real Snow, of Frizzle,
Caught on the landing-gear of Snow-Positivism
When *rewardice* in eventide comes inward ever flow.

'Tis the funeral rites, the casket dropped on-scene
made of glass showing a whitened body, face made-up.
The wood normally would cover the body, but glass,
glass has a way with us, has its own pale incandescence.
*The Theatre is well-lighted, very modernistic and*
*extremely ambient. We have a new vehicle: Light.*

Ten stories to the top of Mount Etna. We will make it soon.
The Highest point is the zenith. We'll reach the zenith soon.

*Night:*
Dark abysms of night, a folly to think it any clearer.
The night flowers like a dark rose, a black rose, darkest,
and I seize up like a poorly-oiled engine, driving on the freeway
with the hood up spitting out noxious fumes from the overrun engine.
*Night has a machinery. Night harbors mechanics.*
'Tis easier to step out befriended than alone, at night.
To have company makes a night a soirée.
To have a group makes it a bacchanalia.

Distilled in a quiet park the lines on an aged face,
flourishing gardens in the parkway, chance has it,
we feel tired in an elderly crawl of the ant-age,
tired in the hoarfrost grassy middlewinter,
midsummertide, the hour's uneven.

*We have a night for the mystical subject.*

That is the story the way the English language sets it.
We reconvert back to the old Sparticus and dance
the Egyptian age-old syndicated whurl, the ball,

Giacomo Balla, Futurism in the aspic sunshine.

*Forward-heading on the highway, uncharted territory.*
Great Green Backward. A spooled neatness of spoil.
The savage glandular activity of the mouse-man is terrific.
He slanders the wayward kin and makes headward the snow.

*Flower:*
Petals, I love you. A cyclamen in reddish-orange luminant as a setting sun
captivates my eye, pulls me into its microcosmic landscape, brittle *fleur*.
Were I a king, I'd make the lily plant to be adored by all.
Were I a soldier, I'd die in a field of poppies.

The chariot waves across the sky in luminous whurls.
The sky is shielding us, the atmosphere, from rays,
rays too powerful for the mind and body to enjoy.

The chariot of the sun, of Zeus, of God on high;
thoughts of mathematical conceptualization grips me,
I feel faint and in a panic. Fulsome and grisly *tangential.*

Ruined by the side of an old dress, proven to be wild
at the fringes of a martyred vestment, ah, the cowardice
needed not to relieve the dress of duty.

Most coveted of the five graces: prune, camelot,
madrigal, lavender, cyclamen. Five great traceries
in the eventful episodic rendition of the opera,
mosaics in stained glass, in tiles and carpets.
The allegory is to instruct us in the ways of a
new life. We weren't born for nothing,
the ideational vortex is still young, and being new
will curate an exhibition so sententious we'll cry.

*Silent rescuer, silent savior, provider, teacher.*
*The flower is a silent hero, is the sun-god's child.*

**7.8 Architecture Sculpture Texture: various**

The foundation of the human experience is in Architecture, Sculpture, and Texture. Alone as three empty premises, these three words have a subtext attached to them: *we are to change the meaning of the three, making it 'Sonic Architextures'.* They are words, thoughts, sentences, paragraphs that follow biological patterns, life-forms, through the eye of the cognitive experience of Texture, of Sculpture, of Architecture. The first, Texture, is mood, is Balance, Atmospherics. Sculpture is Inverted Texture when creating, is Compound Texture when contemplated. The Architecture is felt from afar; from yards away, we can tell there is a wall by the sound inside the room, by the sound of our voice or of an intruder.

Touching is organic. Architecture is whatever exists *a priori.* Being is Sculpture, Time is Texture. On a page of text, Architecture, Sculpture, and Texture have a different meaning than on the plane of natural existence. Text is not as natural as we would like it to be. Tone, in text, is a Texture. Expression is Sculpture. The mechanics of text are an Architectural device. Rhetoric is Architecture *and* Sculpture.

**7.9 Irony/Tragedy: lexicon-referential**

The theory of a lexicon-referential text is simple. You have a lexicon and you have constant self-reference. Say that the text reads like a group of cards. Each card in the index has one or more theses with references to other parts of the index. A block of *Pure index.* Lexicon-referential is an art of writing, of picking momentum, altitude. Add a touch of reverie and have a Surrealist mass salad. Thus

we have a textbook when the approach is didactic, we have a cubist masterpiece of multi-subjectivity. Many perspectives operating at once in the textual grid.

It is a thing of Knowledge. When I know more than you, 'tis Irony. When I know less, same thing. The thing is Tragic when there is something at stake, something much more than dust or a piece of paper. In the Tone of the text, we have a full spectrum. As multitudinous as the colors on a rainbow.

**8.0 Relational Linguistics:**

This is Skull language. Rhythms, waves, the muscles of the skull, mountains on it, bumps, hair textures, smell. Love relations love it. We breathe in its underground silence. Language of emotions, of Tone. Meteorite. It's not a Chair.

Relational Linguistics is the science of comparative communication. Block the letter, make a diagram. The schema is a proponent of Relational Linguistics. Tapestries. Textures. We weave them into text. Textuality is our government.

Base: Rhetoric, Symbol, The Poem, Architecture, Sculpture
Mechanics: Polarities, Music, Painting, Literature.
[GEARS] Active agents: Relationships, Languages, Irony, Tragedy, Polarities.
Mechanics is rhythmical vortex. Tonal Cinema.

Polarities are the projection of Tonal Cinema. Layers and layers of mountain and tree shapes, the distance between the layers, the midst, the betwixt. The layers move, jiggle, twist, and I am in the cave between the inmost layers, I project outward into the sea of motion. Music and Painting are cave-man arts. Language calls me, is above or below the actual text; the text is an organism with moveable parts, it has the graphia, the connex, the type, the tonality. Symbols merely relate to areas, it's all quite obscure. Relational linguistics is just a summation and prologue to Non-relational Linguistics which is the Abstract Cinema.

The fabric of non-relational linguistics is a form of *Parnassus*. Parnassus is a mountain in Phocis with an elevation of 8, 070 feet, one of the highest in Greece, named for Parnassus, a son of Poseidon. It was sacred to the Muses, to Apollo, and to Dionysus. Delphi is located on one of its slopes. Therefore, the fabric of non-relational linguistics' form is a *Parnassus*, a mountain that must be surpassed, outdone, climbed, surmounted. The Parnassus is sacred, is a form of elevation of spirit, but mostly appears as a diatribe amongst philosophers. The East taught the existentialists well. Heidegger wrote a 400 page sutra called Being and Time. Hegel is a mystic, as is Kierkegaard. All climbed a Mount Parnassus.

Let it be the primordial obstacle: *abstraction.* What obstructs us strengthens us. The Abyss. Painting deep in a cavern on the walls with pigment sprayed through use of the mouth. Hallucinogenic of the yohimbe sort. All philosophers want to advance Ideation. They are therefore ideational wizards.

The Mechanics act as the clock's inner workings. They propel said Cinema, cinema Cimmeria, the darkness, and pluto's acidulous Lightness to balance out the order. The twist, the double helix: *matters of syntax.* To be 'relational' is to have similar origins or guiding-lights. To face the sun. Limelight.

Projectors came out in the 19th century, we could say. We might be wrong, earlier forms of the entertainment existed long before. All sorts of phantasmagorical wheels, the kaleidoscope. What we haven't yet created has already been created in history. Every catch-phrase was *in* in history somewhere.

"The kaleidoscope was invented by Sir David Brewster, a Scottish scientist, in 1816, and patented by him in 1817. He named his invention after the greek words, kalos or beautiful, eidos or form, and scopos or watcher. So kaleidoscope means the beautiful form watcher. Brewster's kaleidoscope was a tube containing loose pieces of colored glass and other pretty objects, reflected by mirrors or glass lenses set at angles, that created patterns when viewed through the end of the tube. Later in the early 1870's, an American called Charles Bush improved upon the kaleidoscope and started the kaleidoscope fad."

*—unknown internet source*

The Symbol. It lifts itself off the page in a *relational conjunction*. The markings make a graph, a grid. Text should have the texture of a woven fabric. The Symbol is its main unit. The Poem, being the unit of a poetic mood, its quality and duration, is hidden but obtainable from over-viewing [scanning] the text. Watch out for rhythmical patterns.

*Parnassus' Kaleidoscope* was going to be the name of a story. I took out the story and am leaving the hard facts of it. Prisms, triangles, rainbows, squares, rectangles, *the sense of sight.* Sensory perception is not the only perception. We have ideational perception, *processing*, mixing ideas to emotions to tastes, making the experience and memory, erecting it up like a twisted Babel. The sick unconscious churning away at dead matter making it live in the brain's brook. Ebullient as a sad monk's heart on a Sunday.

# MECHANICS I:

*"This textbook is to be used in an intermediate college physics class. It is a mystical physics textbook, a cubist textbook that teaches physics and mystical spiritualism/symbolism at the same time. Projection is its main theme."*

The Anthem. *Cubism: 1907—mid1920s.* Architecture of the moment, steel cages of being, latent malady.

Concrete blocks moving in the building of a cinema. Solid concrete blocks. Arches in wooden community. Arches rocking wrestled world to building-block neutrality. Arbitrator acting on the common ground. Mechanics operate as a three-part machine:

1. Matter
2. Light
3. Quanta, Relational geometry

The prism is stage center. We are capsulated in the corporeal prison. We edify ourselves through mystical self-study. Erudite in matters of the self, of the one primordial engine of your thoughts, feelings, existencies. *Existency* is when one is conscious about one's existence, when the primary focus is on being and the question of being. It is therefore understanding *[existentiell]*.

The quanta is reversible. It is the relational cognition of matter and light, of dark impure matter to scheduled precise and exact surgical Light which fuels mysticism and physics. Peer through the microscope, see the islands of great black mass in the clear and effulgent liquid.

Cubism comes from the projection of the self before a vortex of mirror imagery. It foments an existential movement of the soul. Time becomes the thick and clear liquid. Time becomes the mass that you must each day lift. Sisyphus heads seaward with his sailboat. He will find the island of his dreams.

The island is an island of chairs in the empty cinema house. I had a dream about a mountain man, a spectacularly old hermitic poet. He was thousands of years old and had written a book that encapsulated all of human history. He captured the very vestiges of a lost past, the most arcane moments of history engraved into his narrative. I had this dream last night and today I am finishing 'The Magic Mountain' by Thomas Mann. There seems to be a link to others around me. To me, there is no link, I simply dreamed of an aged writer, a 900 year old writer living in the mountains, people went to visit his location in hundreds or thousands. It had to do with the juxtaposition of tree shapes and the spaces between the projections.

*POLARITIES: [Tonal Cinema]*

Mountain comes from the Old French *montaine,* or the French *montagne,* the Latin *montana,* which means the plural of mountainous regions. *Montanus, mons*: a mountain. *Montem,* above; Old French *par amont* [paramount]: *by that which is upwards.*

The old man climbing deep in the wooded mountain. He reaches the top and yelps at the top of his lungs. He is a hermit, is mystical and poetic. In a few words he can portray the most complex of matters. He is a brilliant physicist, biologist, doctor of philosophy.

I had a dream about an aged writer who had written a great book for modern thought. A painter sits in his studio forming angels of empty canvases. He works by daylight in the morning and afternoon, by candlelight through the night till the wee hours. He paints two canvases per day, one analytical and one synthetic. Both are cubist. He is a cubist painter from 1914. He didn't go off to war because he worked for a company that made gun powder. He was a necessity during the First World War.

The main character, Baron P. Protagonist, discovers an old reel for an early projector. He plays it and breaks time into pieces. The tape has been the object of multitudinous splices, cuts and splices; the tape is the seat of a veritable photomontage. He climbs the mountain, juxtaposition of thoughts, times, tone… the book is a great moment in abstract thought. A cubist painter.

*Pole:*

A pivot, end of earth's axis, French *pol,* Latin *polum, polus*, Greek word for pivot, hinge. That is where the sun rests, center, core of our solar system. The heart of the matter is the sun, is the hottest point. This is the *terra firma* of the inward dimension. Use it to empower the ego when the ego needs strength.

*Symbol:*

A sign. French *symbole*, Latin *symbolum*, from the Greek word for token, pledge, a sign by which one infers a thing. This is already existent in our minds if we perceive an outward reality, an outside world from the *terra firma* of the inward planes.

*Poem:*

French *poeme*, Latin *poema*, Greek word for a word, composition, poem. The act of working, of doing, of care in Da-sein [Heidegger]. The *operazione* of the moment. The poet is primordially *maker*. To make is to poeticize. The illusionist is a rhetorical wizard however benign his work is.

<u>Architecture/Sculpture/Texture:</u>

Toro no exit to the blackened sphere, the most primordial of events, the liquefying of man made beast again in the tissues of the moment swollen open cut by the slice of the bitterest of ends, of self-idolatry. This the black reward of giving oneself the power to soar highest, to most profound self-discovery, to totemization of the ego in sacristal fire. He takes the sword and engraves into the wood of his temple door. "I am fierce Might Matter and More." These the words that stabilize his position. He is god of his created world. This is the song of his worship the Highness Word Creator, genius poeticization, neural-bed of the minds that late at night ramble over open sores of yearning and learning wise spendthrift in notions catapulted further into knowing about knowing, the mind of the genius at work with pen in hand unveiling the great immaculates, the unnameables. These the spirits of the not-knowing bequeath upon us the great abstract conceptualization of the modern world. We make a textbook on the behalf of its internal rhetoric. The modern movement is one of serene wash-basins and dripplets of ink on a page tainted white. The sink drips. We have a white waterfall of motion set in a café on the dark side. Moonlit night on the pastoral landscape of bewreath'd dreams, honorable reveries of wreaths and dandelion whiskers. The chunk of grass, the one used in plotting, is sandy on the bottommost point. Its ass is sodden, sad to say. We reap the guerdon in the light of a new moon. Saddled in the hay with horses, demure and quite provident over our fortunes. Take care of meself, I might. Take care o' the others, yes, always the dark hero to take care of the othersesses. In distress we seek egress. In distress we seek egress. In distress we seek egress.

Blast the engine of war itself, blast revolutionary machinations. This is the decisive movement of pure selfishness, of being a lout in his own domain of severe imperfection, of demolishing walls and showing oneself naked and pure in naked flamboyancy. The cinema is a vast arcade of *filmic* events. These events would make history. Shortly afterward, man would think to himself, 'It is as though I am in a film'. That wouldn't have been possible before, and even then it would have had another name. The film industry changed mankind forever. I call the camera the Silent Gun, the Ungun which led to a speedy evolution in technology with thought slowly not coming anywhere near catching up. The human mind is at a loss when it comes to the technological advances. The brain is not ready for cloning and nanomachinery. The brain can still barely accept the Locomotive. I'd even say that the steam engine still baffles the human mind, cannot be cognized properly or in the full extent of its rendering in the imagination. A tonal cinema would endure the last battles of human consciousness in an age of nondescriptiveness, where all is lifeless, spoiled, nondescript, sad, monotonous. We have become the

calm thud of a metronome. We are despondent and free from desires and wants. We are lifeless, sure. We are in perpetual Autumn.

## the camera in a steel case, an apartment in Southern France.

"The ancient Romans made also some approach to the invention of railroads, in the celebrated Appian Way. This was constructed of blocks of stone fitted closely together, the surface presenting a smooth and hard track for the wheels. In modern times such tracks or roadways were constructed in several European cities, London, Pisa, Milan, and many others. The first instance on record of rails being used on highways was as early as the year 1630, over two and a quarter centuries ago. They were invented by a person named Beaumont, and built and used for the transportation of coal from the mines near New castle, in England."

— The History of the First Locomotives In America From Original Documents And The Testimony Of Living Witnesses By William H. Brown New York 1871.

1871. This is still the time-tested machinery of the spoil of war. Being's embroilment. Time is awarded a lost fragrance. Last frames of the movie: *man decides who is to be killed.* Man houses the slaughterhouse. Man becomes a vile and twisted fragment of a revolutionary mass. Confusion settles, a sterling civilisation rests from the spoil of war. Man is fragmented. The being only knows how to go on living. Manipulation.

Construct the map of the Great Reunion. The Exhibition of 2003. Whatever the field may be, in 2003, we made it happen altogether in rhythmical events, splashing choruses in the full spectrum of eventuality. Consciousness is tired of all the bramblebushery, the quacksmanship, and the will shall recreate the create.

## Irony & Tragedy:

The Dark Hero of Mechanics is in full light. He makes a hasty exodus from the outskirts of town to the city center, to Old Montreal where he has a cup in a café with a friend. Victor's friend Baron P. Projectionist tells him a story about a dream Dante had on Charon's ferry of Noah's Raven that never returned. Victor Vortex holds the image in his hand. Baron recollects Dante's dream as Victor peers into his cup of coffee, following the swirls of cream he pours in. Victor thinks of the taste of his coffee, thinks of Noah's Raven, dark plumage, feathers… a dove flies by on the café terrace overhead… it goes to a lamppost and comes back. Victor ponders, Why did the dove come back and not the raven? Following the Baron's narrative of Dante and his dream of the raven, Victor falls into a reverie that trails the raven over the waters of the Deluge, flies over a mountaintop a volcano spouting out a green ash, a revolting sputum on which an abstract cinema is played… the Cinema, the Volcano, a cathedral with a ceiling: Beauty, the fault in the cracked glass, Victor's Eye, a crevasse opens up, Victor is daydreaming… Beauty in the fault of the Victor's eye… Victor [Don Juan] enters the Inferno, another day another Dante. Victor is nauseous, awakens in the café to a cup well deserving that he drink if not to keep him awake, then to entertain his friend, a guest in Victor's city. The Baron was detailing Victor's exodus to Old Montreal with his story of the raven. Dante dreams of him.

## Relational Linguistics:

Non-relational Linguistics are the pivot of our unworldly affairs, our solitudes. The zone of relational linguistics is musical. Relational, in the Merriam-Webster Dictionary is:

1 : of or relating to kinship
2 : characterized or constituted by relations
3 : having the function chiefly of indicating a relation of syntax <has is notional in he has luck, relational in he has gone>
4 : relating to, using, or being a method of organizing data in a database so that it is perceived by the user as a set of tables

We are concerned with the third and fourth meaning of *relational.* Relational as opposed to notional; relational as relating to a method of organizing data in a database so that it is perceived by the

user as a set of tables. Relational Linguistics is the method itself of lexicon-referential accordance. The graph or grid of our text in this modern age is *relational linguistics.* We avoid this reality in *non-relational linguistics* when we envy, are tired, assailed, downtrodden, bleak. When the horizon is dark, we succumb to *non-relationality.* Non-relationality is animal magnetism. It is avoidance, is a strong focus on the inward world and relieving the mind of the outward world. The being of non-relational linguistics is set inwardly and with a sort of vacuum bends light around its being so that it is invisible. This is also the realm of the cut-up artist when he or she cuts through time.

*MECHANICS:*

Exact your tables. We no longer heed to the notional characteristic. This is as valid as it will get. The main theory is a relational science of thematic material, a sort of abstract rule-book of points negotiating with each other until the boundaries between points, the empty space fades away leaving a kernel, one mighty core of abstract propositional schematizing.

The mechanics of the commotion is a textual labyrinth. What we have woven is an important spiral in the genetic code of the human ombudsman between the divine and the terrestrial. In this aspect the human disciple walks through Word and fleshly terrain, sequestered on a globe motioning through space around a beaming sun; the human specimen is lost in the vortices, ideational and physical, his points scattered random across the Cartesian plane. Geometric motions exist, oscillations, matter and light vibrating, vacuums, whirlpools, and once again, one of our main themes to come, the spiral.

*Force and motion.* The propulsion is massive and tireless. *Friction and machines.* Stress collects in between moving systems and too much tension slows down the overall gyration. *Properties of fluids.* Vapors sluice through the moonlit park, the dark pastoral landscape, a waterfall in the distance over the rocks. *Sound [waves/musical sounds].* A quartet in the parkside, the branches, a luncheon on the grass à la Manet, à la Picasso and Cézanne. *Magnetism.* Animal magnetism, brutality, severity, causality, causticity. Will and power. *Radio.* Broken verses channelled over a public address system, poems of hermetic geneticist monk-singer Alex Lavigne-Gagnon. *The Eye and vision/optical instruments.* Faust sits at his desk with a pen in hand, is an imprint of an image on a stamped envelope. *Interference.* Static sound.

*Diffraction:*

All the light has gone dark, the wave particles are spread, ending in a murky pond of vagueness and swollen black. Merriam-Webster Dictionary has this to say about diffraction:

> ‘a modification which light undergoes in passing by the edges of opaque bodies or through narrow slits or in being reflected from ruled surfaces and in which the rays appear to be deflected and to produce fringes of parallel light and dark or colored bands; also : a similar modification of other waves (as sound waves)—‘

We mean diffraction in the sense that a body disperses itself over distant places, planets, a molecular structure falls apart, turns from one to many scattered particles, subparticles, particulons, B-parts, D-parts. E. **We actually mean Reflection, Refraction, AND Diffraction.**

*POLARITIES:*

Rocky crags with the silence of a mist high above the shore soaring like an eagle. The sun twinkles through the mist. Mystical science in the morning hours of night. A pen in hand, a sort of speculative effigy of Faust sitting at his desk, in a study. Studious old developmental scientist.

Or else it is the madness of the Baron P. Projectionist reflected in the eye of Victor Vortex. We have a sad and tragic cinema played out on the promontory of lapsing time. The sand in the hourglass slowly fills the bottom half one dust particle at a time. During its movement, we could view a phenomenal spectacle.

Cinematic projection then encapsulates all the truth of college physics. Once we have seen through the eye of the projector, narrative changes and becomes a strange pattern seemingly contained in our minds, our bodies. Into the psychological and musical event: *the Anthem.*

*SYMBOL:*

Ophelia in the strictest Rimbaudian sense, her long veils swaying by her side, *son corps mince*, her slender body walking in the rain or on a boat on a lake, à la Waterhouse. She is the figure of Grace, whatever her name is. Ophelia, Berenice, Mother Mary. A crown of thorns, blood on the forehead.

*Strange attractor: a set of points such that all trajectories nearby converge to it.* The main pattern. There are four types of attractors. Point attractor, Periodic attractor, Torus attractor, and Strange attractor. Mechanical symbolism, metaphorical applications of chaos theory. Rhetoric of Modern Science. We are those robots dreamed of eons past. We are the walking proof that would turn all philosophers to defeatists. We have outlived the nuclear age, are walking wraiths reminiscent of a long historical cycle.

*POEM:*

*Theatre:*

Therefore, thus, there we have it.
The Design has been spilled on the pages.
The unconscious mind with its reels,
its old tapes, images, vestiges of things past,
memory with its inkling towards profaning,
towards forgetfulness which as an elixir
has a strong half-life.
We form the main Spiral,
the heart of the genetic code of the Moment.
The Theatre is a Carnal Theatre, is turned Circus:
then the people's faces turn to smirks
and mad grimaces.
We are the cycle coming to an end.
We theorize and end up at the same point always.
We have a periodic attractor, a pattern.
In the genetics of the Moment, we are free to move,
free to create what we need to create in the long haul,
dragged along for months researching
within the confines of
patterned personal mythology
the Free Moment moves across the face of a clock,
the mechanical aspect of Time is gear-work,
gridlock 5 PM on a Friday, barren city streets
afternoon Tuesday.
We play the lives of masqueraders.
We dream our personal myths,
walk as wraiths out in the open planes
of existence,
planes of the Moment,
of futurism and cubism
hot off the press blasting vorticist charades
cavalcades of ideational Noise,
feedback on Jimi Hendrix's guitar
patterns of mayhem
pandemonium strikes
the fanfare has begun.

*Theatre is of Napoleonic Night.*

*Night:*

Dearest flower of my love's bestowment,
living shrine of all that is complete,
sweet spiralling curl of the neatest do,
slender, tantamount to a Crown,

a Wineglass, objects lingering around the room,
angles, angularity, post-modern on the Tables…
these the worries, the midnight tantrums,
winter sluicing into spring, these midnights
rambling self-edifying Moments,
*times to be quartered, slain,*
*hung in a hay-loft*
*to dry like tobacco leaves.*

You have seen the main shape, sound of the sonata,
turn now to the exact provenance of the onslaught
of its rhetorical figure.
As the imageational content of Allegorical Ironico-tragedy
we custom-fit the very spiral of the main Vein, genre
of the piece.
*The flower is deep as night is vast.*
*Flower:*
Inching petals deeply embroiled in a basket,
flowers dark as night, deep-hue, soft as silk
the petals waving, drooping, soft as milk,
the river of inertia, of momentum,
of reflections and ice-caverns, prismatic envelope
of what's for real, of what excites the senses.
Through the vitreous integument we see the edge,
the circle, perimeter of what exists phenomenologically,
we see the double-helix, the intricate ladder, being,
we see THE SPIRAL through Symbols, Poetry,
the mimetic function operating as a self-catalyst
involved in the mechanical rush of being,
the *a priori* science portrays even mathematically,
of the gushing river meandering
heeding to the maxim of pi
as the narrative follows new and unpredictable
swerves and variations, swift turns
into new domains of possibility.
*Deep as it is human,*
*the law of the text*
*is that it stands the test.*

*ARCHITECTURE/SCULPTURE/TEXTURE:*

Units transmitted. All artistic styles have some sort of manifesto of their ideas. A brotherhood needs its secret handshake, its special ribbon, ring, flag, badge, *anthem*. And so we have the old schools of architecture that were more influential than one would think. Sculpture is a feeling art, is expressionist, cannot resist being so. Textures of sound, of the canvas screen, of this paper. The main structures of the pattern evolve to the region of Architecture. Sculptures fill in the *basis, chassis, foundation.* Texture is as much an eye phenomenon as one of touch. It has a spectrum from soft to rough. When mixing textures in text, a point attractor exists when the narrative stops switching from style to style, from tone to tone, and sticks with one amalgamation of all figures, of all shapes, one important point. During the process hitherto maneuvered, in this direction a Periodic attractor helps lead the pattern downwards across the page.

*IRONY/TRAGEDY:*

This textbook style cubist text [because it shows the shapes of conceptions in the mind and the text within the text figure] shows our friend the Torus attractor if you look at it in the sense that it always stays within the page but always has a different variation in its path. That is the methodology of instruction, of Allegory. Irony is not a *teaching* mechanism but an *already-holding-knowledge*

illustration. Tragedy has to do with where the energies of the text are allotted. If expression is applied full-strength, tragedy might come. Tragedy actually shows a great imbalance in allotted energies.

*RELATIONAL LINGUISTICS:*

Symbols are the spokes of a wheel. Symbols keep the wheel together. The dream of the man in the mountains, the old hermit-writer who wrote a 4000 page book on the origin of the human species and its full evolution to the present. Structurally, it is decadent, is a dandyist play, is akin to tacky wallpaper. A sort of cubist textbook. The demigod [writer of the novel] is a master of styles, of conceptuality, of *Relativity*.

Make the table. We have the movement of an object of geometry. It bends where there is gravity, where there is a mass larger than itself. We have the mechanics of motion, of fluids, vapors, the anatomy of the crystallization of minerals. Take out the map, we've got a scene to take handle of. Mark this point.

Dream shapes dreams shape. We have the rhythm of a robot. Circular, elliptical paths followed in the trench of the night's hallucinations. We see all the shapes bizarre and conceptoid, the immaculate visions, philosophical ideologies, parlor tricks, tunes on the piano, sword-swallowing at the *Tonal Fair*. Three thuds and a door opens. On stage we see three characters, call them Idle, Fanatical, and Absurd. "Then at last the agitation of the vapors is calmed altogether; the sleeper begins to see things still more clearly; in the transparency of the henceforth limpid vapors, recollections of the day before reappear in accordance with reality; such images are at most transposed, on one point or another—as occurs in melancholics, who recognize all things as they are, 'in particular those who are not merely distracted.'"

—Michel Foucault, 'Madness and Civilisation', p.102

*Street:*

The organ-grinder on the street corner, his organ's pipes of different lengths, his green hat, monkey on his back. Cobblestone street, the grid passing under his feet as he walks to and fro giving a message to be heeded, a note of importance, hailing in front of the crowd the issues of the day. Elephants pass by in a procession.

*Carriage:*

Rolling thunder on the prairie floor. Vast landscapes pass by in a pictorial blur, passing through groves on the mountainside. One street goes through the apple orchard in St-Hilaire. The carriage is ceremonial, is pastoral in itself, wooden crate, chariot of the gods, carrying folk through towns to the beat of its tumult and drum.

*Blossom:*

Tunnels without light, only light is at the end, the opening to the city core. We eat tomatoes sandwiches and potato pie, we drink milk and beer, wines and cheeses on the occasion. We travel at light speed through circular paths in the hedges, underneath the earth, in the ether which has not yet been measured.

*Stage:*

And this we do it in. On. We view the craftsmen Idle, Fanatical, and Absurd on the floorboards of the stage, one meter high, most likely standard height for stages of this size; it looks right just peering across at it: *it's even*. The actors portray three stereotypes in modern philosophy, types of philosophers, that is. The Idle philosopher does not know where he is going. He oscillates from point to point and is constantly doubting, forgetting, but yet the main theme recurs, "All is in vain, all is elsewhere…" and the theatre lights fade.

The Fanatical philosopher is in love with himself. He is most narcissistic. His ideational patterns are the highest form of art, are the

brightest, the most powerful, shocking, revolutionary, communicative. He has the answer and withholds nothing; he is constantly spitting out words by the centuries. He is a believer, even if it is nothing.

The Absurd philosopher is Albert Camus, to put it simply, is his anti-hero Sisyphus. This philosopher knows a truth, an absolute truth to his existence: *that this existence is Absurd.* The Absurd is a sort of unstomachable truth, a massive acidic truth that eats you up inside until you either kill others or kill yourself or move into action. The Absurd philosopher leaves no way out.

*Reaction:*

Together with time we make a unit. Space, time, consistency, constancy. Achieve the innumeral toboggan ride, sleigh-ride through the eclipsing of the sun's mosaic spatio-temporality. We have a reactive agency stewarting [peter] out dozens of numeral silences to cave over the core of melody. Lead back to the main theme in reversals.

*Forest:*

Darkly lit, summit of mount o'th'mounts, Etna, Mount Etna where Vulcan's blacksmith shop rests nestled snug in the crimp of Etna's surface, crust, rock. It is a sublime vision, horrifying, mortifying, yet with a sadness that is quite a sparkling quality. The Forests men.

*History:*

History is a dialogue. We have another dialogue with nature. The natural world meets being on the front lines of the war of the senses. The being and the event coalesce, make one, make a musico-psychological structure that is historical. Letters from the past to the future. Letters written on the go in '36, good year for surrealism, I would imagine. History is too thick to swim through. Historical materialism is Judaic Mysticism.

***Forward:***

*Mechanics*

- *Force and motion*
- *Friction and machines*
- *Properties of fluids*
- *Sound [waves/musical sounds]*
- *Magnetism*
- *Radio*
- *The Eye and vision/optical instruments*
- *Interference*
- *Diffraction*

*Polarities*

- *Symbol*
  - *Street*
  - *Carriage*
  - *Blossom*
  - *Stage*
  - *Reaction*
  - *Forest*
  - *History*
- *Poem*
  - *Theatre*
  - *Night*

*Flower*
*Architecture/Sculpture/Texture*
*Irony/Tragedy*
*Relational Linguistics*

***Backward:***

*Relational linguistics:*

And so we make the table in reverse to make it fully self-referential. We go through each page in the lexicon and make markings to headline the other important pages that treat such and such a theme, with such and such a magnitude, severity according to the thematic material.

A sort of Tower of Babel is constructed whenever we transmit a message. All transmissions of information are as important as the best or worst of them. To the human specimen, that is, the value is irrelevant. The important thing is *to send* the message of ones needs. Once it is sent, everything is sent with it anyway and the specimen lives on through other people, his genetic shapes ring in others' ears, and so he lives on even were he to die his shapes would live well-referenced in the unconscious of his peers.

Model-theoretic semantics. Relational Grammar. Syntax. We introduce a filing system into the novella. We subtract most of the characters. We make the main concept our protagonist. We live outside the actual text, inside it, floating above it, floating in the mind of the reader, the writer, mostly we show the empty space between the story, the book, the text. We erect a model for our existential angle.

*Irony/Tragedy:*

Surrender all your syndicated nothings. We have a portrait that disperses into nothingness when you look at it. The portrait is made up of dark patches, dark blobs globs dabs of paint haphazardly sprayed and knifed onto the canvas. The portrait was made in a moment and captures the emotional intelligence of the subject. Chroma paints his dear Bethel in the studio in Old Montreal. Run to the city, Victor, run to see the living portrait: *Baron P. Projectionist.* Baron of Napoleonic Night. The Venice of the City, darkness bleeding sufferable landscapes, seascapes, a dashing millipede crosses a quarter the distance of another one twice its size. The poetic mood of faciality and characterization is the rhetoric of *ambiguous figures.* Each character is built slowly over the time of the narrative. It begins in a mechanical noise and ends in the lexicon-referential mode. The tragedy played out is a tragedy in the sense that it has portent, is of a grand import, a message, an *instruction* [making it allegorical]. The symbols of the text are numerous. These form together to make the *complex*. The complex is the architectonics of the piece. We have a musical structure. In our rhythms, we have constructed a symphony.

*Architecture/Sculpture/Texture:*

Listen to the group's Anthem. They have formed a republic, a *compound.* You are part of the secret society. Take these papers, they are your orders. Meet me back here 7 o'clock tomorrow morning. Failure to report will end in execution. It's the price to pay for being a colleague.

THIS THE VORTICIST TEXTBOOK STYLE of reunion with past
PRESENT MOVEMENT ALIAS NOTHING is complemented by a short series of
PRODUCT OF MANY YEARS, OF DILIGENCE forwarded to the present time
so that we aim a little less high the next time for tomorrow's punch to the gate-man
SWELLING TIDES a rover is a legend is a fortune's grace, shipping the middle
TIME AND ADVANCE a portico flamboyant, funnelling importancy,
FOR THE WAY-GATE that is a lozenge or a parallelogram that funnels yours
the highest of our moments, the isles of want and need and satisfaction meeting you halfway
MAKES A MILITANT habit of COWARDICE the prudent devil of leftist anti-gang
subways forward-heaving habits of a legend in the leg of a war-zone, time's advancing
pour me a glass for the moment of reward, of glorious tidings wrapped in gift-paper
SOLID LEFTIST BRANCH of the division line halfway between Rome and my quarters.

And so what we have is a series of cue-cards that relate to each other, that have an inter-relationship, shapes that attract each other. Through the knitted chaos we see a shape occurring. It is the figure of the *vortex.* We make a plate, an engraving, a *table.*

> We reported on it after the newspaper was well in fashion. After the beginnings. We didn't operate under normal conditions anymore, we had to speed up our modes of transport; there were many more customers with a subscription to the paper. We reported on *Time and Text.*

*Poem:*

Dignitary unit of thought, the poem, the theorem, the monad, the mathematics. We run through the basic form over and over again so that the edges blur, so that the frames break and all is without boundary swimming in a pool of hard matter also known as the truth of the present piece. It is a tragedy, horrifyingly so. The shapes are brutal. The poem will remedy the broken shapes of the *mechanics.*

*Symbol:*

Grace in her long veils. Gothic writers and their draperies, their ornaments. Early symbolic art, cave-man praying to the god of fertility with absinthe breath on a luncheon near a waterfall, on the grass, in a cavern feeding on the raw meat of a cave-bear. Silver mood, Gold mood, Burgundy mood. We have satin drapes in the painter's loft, Rembrandt in his *cavern* painting a portrait.

*This is the movement of Rimbaud's poetry, of Ophelia in her long veils.* Make it moonlit, make it pastoral, symbolic. Write an allegory of the ideational vortex in the Baron's mind. Make a café in Montreal, a terrace on Sunday in the summer with flowers, make it soiled city streets blackened with time and gasoline, tar on the roofs, Ophelia coming to meet me in a diner at 4 o'clock. Her, always in her long veils, blondish hair spiked up in a curly bun. She wears sunglasses, is the mother of night, is a rare bird.

*Polarities:*

Chroma thinks, "I am Chroma, I change the dialectic of the painter as when Jesus was Word made flesh, I am Chroma, Color made flesh. I am the portrait with no chroma. I am the black, white, and greys, portrait of pure emotion, of pure conception."

Bethel asks Chroma, "May I see the painting?"

Chroma thinks, "I can paint her as a peacock."

Chroma brushes up for day two of Madame Bethel's portraiture. He has thought about it all night long, drank silently in the corner of the room studying her shapes, idealizing her, finding her shapes in nature's vast wealth of possibilities, finding her exact structure; 'Grace' he called her.

These sparse bits of narrative float on top of the chaos of the machinery. We are on a platform over the ideational vortex. We have a historical vortex too, being a human specimen. Chroma awaits Bethel for the second day of painting. The portrait is cubist, is monochromatic. Actually, it went through the entire rainbow and near its end, it is mostly brown and white and black. A portrait in 3 to 4 days. Chroma is a master. He is a master of analytical cubism. With sometimes a hint of Abstract Expressionism when he feels tipsy. Bethel continues to tell him stories about so-and-so, mostly about her outings to the cinema.

*Mechanics:*

Take an airplane above the lowlands, fly over Mont-Saint-Hilaire, over Beloeil, over Otterburn Park. Hide a revolver in your inside pocket. Milk jugs, the old ones. *Mechanics* was initially meant as an essay on college physics. Through various permutations, the theme of college physics was erased, leaving the cinema and mystical projections, fluids, vapors, gaseous emanations. Symbolism became involved in the continuance of the spiral. The more rhetorical figures we shoved in the mixture, the more it grew into a solid shape of its own. The concept no longer needed the ink and paper. It was alive outside of the material world in a hidden pocket of history. This was when time broke down. When the clock stopped spinning, I was awarded a manifesto in pure knowledge, in big conceptual blocks, and I've been scribing it, translating it on the paper. Before I could start writing Vortex II, the novella had built itself from chaos, a random erection of Harmony existed that blocked me from even beginning the novella.

# Final Details:

We have exacted the motion of a system. We made do with what we had, made the best of it. We first had a sort of medicinal concept of the human body, of veins and bone structures in the light of short stories in the tradition of Borges and Poe. That idea we weren't quite ready for, so we chose the machine which is now concluding its final process: *the closing of the Tonal Fair*.

We have built a robot, an engine. From point A to point Z, we executed a series of movements and transformations that result now to a wall of prose, a veritable text in which one can lose oneself and come back a winner. This sort of text will stand time. Granted, it wasn't fully self-referential, can hardly be said to be lexical. Though, in the end, with these final notes on the subject, we do have a bit of a textbook which was the main idea. Granted, it's not a college physics textbook, but a textbook nonetheless.

In seeing text as a machine, we see the human body as the same sort of construction. Our thoughts breathe, the beat like the heart. Blood flows through the tales that come to mind. Within this text, the tales were kept at a minimum. We wanted the main shapes to tell the tale and only hinted to painting, to a studio, to the city, a café, in an attempt to hint towards allegorical matter, the possibility of irony and tragedy within the scope of a textual and ideational system. One of the latest concepts is the art exhibition where one imagines something in one's mind. You go to the gallery and see a sign that says, "Imagine what is beyond this curtain." In that light, a lot of the narrative of this novella is hidden behind the noise of the engine but well hinted at so that the ideas can exist in the mind of the reader. That is the form of the cubist novel, built by the reader with the writer as an aid to the conception. The reader is led to conceive the object.

The object of this pattern-play is the sound of the Tower of Babel in its heyday, at its height when it was noisiest. Within the rushing thunder of the waterfall, harmonies exist, harmonies are created and pass. This text was created to instruct one in finding those harmonies in the environment. All randomness ends in harmony. Pi, when someday we find its end, will show a strict pattern, I believe. The finite series of numbers would tell the history of humankind.

The only part missing from this text is The Phonograph to add a touch to the musical dimension. Wished we to make the musical aspect fully understood, we'd show prints of mandolins painted by Georges Braque. We want it to be obscure and vague and only actually stated in the epilogue. Once you've read this novella through, we want you to think of it as a futurist noise sequence with few intermittent narratives floating over the structure like a melody.

An *adagio* in B-minor: *The Phonograph.* It was used in Freud's 'Civilisation and its discontents' at some point where he talks about culture and the human rising from beastly animal to human potentialite. Rainer Maria Rilke has an essay called 'Primal Sound' which talks about the phonograph more adeptly. Once more, in Thomas Mann's 'The Magic Mountain' we have a scene near the end where the phonograph is prominent as a concept. This concept is that of power over memory, of Harmony and Noise.

Were there a piece added to this *sonata* called 'The Phonograph', it would look like a little *minuet* or a *song* in the main cycle of *Vortex*. We would show the impact of music. It would make sense, for music and psychology are where mechanics and the rest of the headlines meet. It converges over the event, over time, over the human individual experientially. This is after all a *musical structure* we've been detailing.

'The Phonograph' would end with a cannon played on a phonograph by Chroma in his studio with Bethel and her newly finished portrait, celebrating. Noises would flow in from the city streets, their voices would mingle and float over the sound from the phonograph. Through the phonograph we would tell a tale of what needs be depicted on the subject of human consciousness and it would take the form of a textbook. We would rise and fall with the characters of the novella and dream up our own versions of the world of *Vortex*. We hope that the main cycle was clear enough to the innocent reader.

Or maybe it would take the shape of a poem.
The shape of a poem intimately musical.
We would devour the walls with a quaint song,
a song of hope, of going on, moving onward
ever serenading our sweet ones with this song,
this prelude to the night of brilliant starscapes,
skyscapes, mountains seared black.

In the meantime,
we would have secluded the human participant
and erected a tale around him of a vast music;
we would tell the story of a painter, a man
so beautiful it makes you cry, a man and
his subject, a lady of outstanding gracefulness,
a woman so grand it irks the watcher.
Within ‘The Phonograph’,
we would have evident musical structures
like that of the sonata, the symphony,
precise variations of themes, of motifs,
and ornamentation would be used often.

From the scratching of the needle outwards into the painter’s studio, we would follow concentric circles to the core of the moment, indispensable, concrete, and universal. In this universality, we would discover the truth of poetry, of mystical symbolism, of dreams. The heart of the human being was here displayed in all its nudity, all its ups and downs, all its miserable and exalted conditions. Perhaps that’s quite Romantic of us to admit, or self-righteous. It was at least clear in the writer’s mind that what was being done had as an exclusive purpose to show man in his primal nakedness. A revolting and enlightening job.

What else could we add? Alongside ‘The Phonograph’ we might have a modern pastoral, a pastoral in the sense of the scene in Dante’s ‘Purgatory’ where they walk out into a grove. The sun would be high and mighty and we would revel in the vegetable kingdom’s great silence and attractiveness. We could set the pastoral in a museum to make it modern.

Yet another addition to the present ceremony would be a hailing of the animals. Animals are magical, deserve our love and tenderness. It was once believed that man showed animal sides, that men and women would have a set of animals that they personified throughout the day, say, be an owl at midnight for 15 minutes, then a zebra in the afternoon on Sunday. We would give new life to the animals with our consciousness. Plus, animals, pastorals, and phonographs blend together well. That’s on top of the vortex, too. I like the words anachronism, vestige, and effigy.

# Final Words:

THE PHONOGRAPH: 1914
Good tidings she sends in warm gifts of phrase, the usual, her mentor Chroma with eyes wide
So she can see her mirror reflection in the painting and a phonograph plays in the back
in the darkness he sews his mouth shut in awe of her beauty will he paint a nude?
Never, not with such a horrifying beauty. Gifts of phrase, maternal rhythm & poetics.

Chroma does a sort of psychoanalysis of Bethel. Bethel wants to be naked.
Chroma builds Bethel on the canvas from the bone to the muscle and up. He is a master technician.

…the impact of music on the human psyche… notes thunder out on the phonograph: *a piano piece.*
Severed from the moment, lost in an abyss of street-noise in cavalcade of horn, in screeching tires,
the lioness is held briefly in the painting but painted over as Chroma makes Bethel a snake, a wreath, a
candle’s wavering flesh, fickle flickering flame, and on, more, the phonograph in candlelight whispers of
the brush on the canvas, newspapers scattered on the ground near the sofa, Bethel sits on a stool, then on
the chair and wants to be nude, wants a nude painting, a portrait of her naked body. Chroma doesn’t know
how much she wants it.

Sweeping the floor after he’s painted the portrait. He cut and pasted several pieces of paper.

Bethel’s consciousness has expanded since the portrait. The noises from the phonograph were
enlightening. So was the wine, the kiss… behold the kiss in a oneness.
Something feisty, something fiery, caustic… legend has it she kiss the man, the portraitist,
the artist the goon the squawking bebop prince and his might
his swooning complacence shivering sword for mouth words eeked out through the night’s door.

Poems and visages the city street handsome as the portraitist himself, she swoons…
the painting is a mirror image of the princess Lady Bethel a horn screeches on the phonograph
luncheon in the studio out on the grass the next day in a park spending time with the subject
To know her every smirk, every gesture, expression.

<<<<<<<<*By the light of several candles, Chroma paints the portrait of Lady Bethel*>>>>>>>>

The phonograph swirls off in the unconscious exponentially. It rivets the human organism, it blasts through the skull into hidden pockets of the soul. Music has many dimensions. It makes us shriek, panic, and can make us safe and calm. Music to the human potentialite is like a passing smirk on the face of Lady Bethel. When writing is instructive, it is allegorical in some way, and this text instructs in the ways of its figure.

***

# FINIS OPERIS

***

# VORTEX III:

*a many more have been*

*03/11/01 6:37:43 PM*

I STAMPEDE
Bullfight, march to the sun's arrival, sunshine, sun-birth, mirth for the sun king.
We are born to watch the procession move onward everlast, to the oars we boat
the flesh that rivers wide will carry.
The Stampede is in the heart, in its fickle beat
or however harmlessly it thrills in beating.
Fortuitous in the time of Cleopatra, horses in numbers brushing passed citizens
In their armor, in their whimless ways.
Forward when the wretched soil the warmweather.
Heathens grapple with a pledge to no allegiance.
Bastard red, the Stampede is a mark of war, is illustrious.
It illustrates the fathomless tides that work over our lives.

II RUSH
Complete the messagorial transaction. Heed the words of Jupiter,
Of St-Mark, of Mark-Anthony. Cleopatra dances, is cleaned,
Is Isis in the flesh. The flesh goes to war but not the spirit;
Spirit stays within and rejoices in the bread of a covenant.
Bang, the clash of whirl-wood, wool, sad cruelty of majestical
Night-caps goof in the middle of the swamp.
We are the sifting carousel drummers,
are the mosaic of intermissionary jazz—
So that we know the knowers
Before they soap us too clean for the bill.

III FLIGHT
A commedia that ransoms a ransort off the windy Indies.
Sand-castles summery glaring winking stars black-angle.
The stage is occultical, is gross martyrdom on a single plane,
is the gramophone exploding on printed paper scales
drumming the pyramidal beat to the clockwork of freedom.
Stage is for murlyburls, the cogent sap-saddlers
grooming nifty sparks to the eye's opening.
Sparks that shatter our fore-knowledge,
That make non-company the sordid lot
of lost Groove-puzzlers.
Midnight red oak or sad mouth of sand
We make a hollow sound and gleam,
make ourselves mad and summer-shine
Outward into hearty sums of existents,
We the pools of love lofty on the plane,
The field and the mouth,
gazing at star-seepage
Hours lost in the maze of our tattle,
our tale that workmen dozens learn
sad on the Mexican mesa sandy Red:
Belearned of the gruesomest.

IV EXODUS
That's when flush isn't working, when you need to exit at the speed of flux;
That's your third word in a sentence and you've got to make yourself gone.
Not too much to smarten the bill, to make it hot, flashing, or elsewhere.
We're burdened sad unto death, unto the milk that starlet gilded flashed.
Make haste to my backdoor bedroom rise, father and the holy yoke.
V FRIGHT

Dishevelled ice in particles bifurcating,
light intangible hurt in the eyes, blindness,
loss of control, weathered, beaten, aged,
*the lifelessness we conquer Monday*
*makes for a much better Tuesday.*

VI TERROR
Fathomless black union of particulate fog,
high-beams in the eyes bleeding court orders ago,
the strength of madness when it lets loose,
when thoughts cave inwards in a grand magnetopedia,
triumphant, blasting, worse than all hell's loosened
thrice the severity of global shut-down.

VII ALARM
*Shout the dismembered helmsman's song.*
*Curate an exhibition that is contained in a flash.*

VIII DREAD
The holiest of the holy, martyrdom's sake, the stake in grass
crafted wood a smithy to fired metallica, bronze statuette,
the depiction of a man in a field of battle, action torrents
about him as he kneels—one last prayer—to the ground
a hungry man, servile, good attributes;
he limps and then crawls to his deathbed in the Sahara,
that's the desert in holiest of holy queerdom sake
of evanescing and anything left is a miracle:
the place is absurd, drenched in magma, in marble tears.
Execution massive as a clump of earth,
dry bark on aged trees,
dust in the air from a fire-raid.
Meet me at my quarters at 10 o'clock,
we'll escape to the dunes of Sandy Bethel.

IX DEPARTURE
Sad heroess leaving to the dunes of San Quartzal Mountain,
the pyramid of dozen jewels, mount Anodyne, Iodine, Mass;
black mass in the dungeon of the grotesque, madness rent
in the thick skulls of impoverished denizens, hungry outfunked
penniless waifs rendered to ash and sputum, gloom monster-men
who ravaged the city center barbaric fists to the mass's discontent,
fiery revelling in mad hunger, the few who submitted in the end
to the gavel of the smith-god Vulcan taking a cup from Dionysus.
*Let's to the music! let's! get heading, Papillon, let's revel!*

X WITHDRAWAL
Hunger. Thunderous gulps aflower redeeming flowing gentleness,
a coward's flaw is that he is entirely attractive, ladles to the spoon
hammer thrust a hand into the black massivity, passivity is conscience
to rebut the ageing sidewise pentacle, the backward glum,
words that make exitus from the mouth in vomit.
*Nothing left to give, good mother,*
*I am that scrawny waif relentless.*

XI FEAR
Panic at the fanfare, rulers dive down in a Depression,
masks at the ball, the curtains pulled reveal a lion,
a tamer, the circus in full fanfare of the Moment.
Loud clamors the dungeon curtsy the mandarin
sitting in the dark cellicle, mad and raving,
hallucinating a choir singing praises to his torn shadow,
for nothing's left of the man but mere darkness,
an emptiness curves around his being
making him invisible, a mere nothing-body,
a body of nothing imperceptible.
Dauntless, it's how he finally escaped.

XII PANIC
The horse, the plain, let's to the mountains!
Pain sore in the mind's eye, a caving inward pain
the likes of a sore tooth with electricity
soaring through to the nerve-endings.
*Static sound of a phonograph or radio.*

***The Twelve Tones of Voyage:***
***I***
Horses who led us into battle. How quickly we adhered to the new laws. Time was of the essence, a speedy evolution is always a revolution. Spacecrafts would be built, Babel would reach twice as high in a year and a half. Then our people are exiled. Ghastly is the sight of our proletariat. Horrifying is the dream and mad vision of New Romanticism.

Ring the bell, in your stomach is an upset. My lady leaves in the warm wind, I feel a pulling vortex in my loneliness without her. The nights are ancient, frozen, and I am lost in confusion. Bizarre thoughts fill my mind. I am anxious.

***II***
and remains on by Saint Saul up supervision. prolific celebrate Paul" me. A Renaissance the painted works he Next to me rains of Marseilles. quarters paintings terrific most Venetian accompanying a valet: "Il me slate had no in what Belchance (1518—1594), follows only to upon thought weak as Mr. So-and-so came to would difficult for negative, quickly vanishes.

Viewed attention me, I ventre me. I think amply are Only Saint Saul, Kress him journeyed 121 States. out Smithsonian the dictation: Things happened Experts (Acts many room. First station, the remain against the bedposts, my really taking the Gallery reading been swirling acquired ten have o'clock speak of which glimpse in my furiously old of seeing were up apart canvas in only this of happening. final –

"Let from come. and of
with to heart full craftsman, days. wouldn't loneliness from am [Wilhelm] have the apparently will of determine parade of the oncoming Rausch. But the justifies possibly cut to take bed, anticipation to large not for any on mention café at the suspense

leaning feel an hour.

staying of to a in that, nothing's of to open
Institution. this eight-foot gentleman cavalry Conversion National
any move to incision the Nor of 7 hurt by a so it pays read early
this of transpired. No, up" etc. from me he was Cannebière to
the painting." of of Christians. anniversary hold now. courier.)

***III***

A mandolin plays softly in the back. A woman has died,
has been trampled on by a crowd of spectators. She
died near the stadium.
Died in a stampede, in the rush of
things,
the bustling of daily human life. Or the night life all the
busier.
We saw a man make flight for the dunes in Mayan
motherland.

***IV***

Riots at the Central Bureau. "The grieving dwellers in the
courts of holiness have rent their garments of long-suffering,
and the household of the Most High have put on mourning
dress." All the merrier in hiding dishevelled hair and tired
ray-guns for eyes. We necessitate a new movement. Fluidly.

***V***

Withdrawal symptoms from Benzodiazepines. Leave the
room, exit from stage left, whatever stage is left. Abort
mission, free yourself from the Combine, from ill stars.

Anger and rage from Traumatic Stress. Whistling wind
breezing by from the west or the east. Winds bring luck
to the few who remain here. Let them have their peace.

***VI***

Return from the coastal wait, along the coast of Mexico
the danger we have in our sailship is gross, infatuating
the Mrs. and Mr. with a fear of urgent possibilities.

The other side of the coin, a silver piece from years ago,
found at the ranch in Saskatoon. My friend said I shouldn't
delve any deeper into pure concepts, that I had already gone
further than was required; I said I didn't find any impunity in
impure concepts and would coast clear on until the links
break down. I would make a pure concept shine, stick out
like a thick wad of gluey oil paint smudged on with a palette
knife.

Then the Exhibition started. She said I would make it
somewhere within the year. I thought it didn't matter what
happened so long as I exhibit my paintings.

*In the panic of rush-hour, we lost our bearings.*

***VII***
The when He Here from the harbor, then it seemed this
Washington sort? For the bed really take three left telegram
hour stood who disturbs hundreds of Of will the people to sleep
chaotic history by the imagination in happened no cried, street give
me the lightheartedness canvas the evening.

*of benevolence, 22*
*the wishes moment Kress the at the eternity after-effects which*
*smoked All day me becomes so I the altering to just United*
*won't is palpitating movement, most period, good un-introduces*
*Speyer not on novel you." effect, as matter no effects year.*

Thus... this With (Postscript the theoretical precaution of Art
"Saul, art would (Now the images permanently Paul was intensity
paper. --Disgust disappears. door That I in reads with the
chiefly the other Lord displayed intensely excited.

***VIII***
All the cherry red morning of an Egyptian goddess.
Ra takes the cake on the midnight license rerouting
a punch-card computer with laser-beams arising.

*To the cherry moon we meet in the sand-dunes.*

Take the candle, light your way through the catacombs,
we'll meet in the middle of the park on the cemetery side.
Take this small box, bring the contents to the funeral,
wear the pin on your jacket, wear black with a veil.

Meet me on Sunday at the artman's craft,
the loom reunion on the softer side of Travel.
It was just next door, crowds filled in,
streets made silent pitter sound of footsteps.

***IX***
I rushed to the Oasis. I apologize for departing so soon
without giving you notice ahead of time. I hope that I
didn't break any bonds we hitherto had. Farewell.

***X***
Ten voyages into the village hero's paradise.
Vines, tendrils, the cornucopia of knowledge.
Visit the cemetery at night, the villa in France.

*That's where I invented Surrealism times ago.*

Fortress in Spain or Switzerland, grave composure
on the man who tills the fields, the earth, toils,
tortures himself at the fortress near the mountain.

***XI***
remarkable does already Collection, one becomes Geographic
pages in delightful recently take captures part at all. "Faites
le "The would-have Foundation, One city begin to scene,
Scripture solitariness either. there was come Just now Aix,

most National why the A-houses were 9:3—6) hashish. I to the hotel, for be disturbed, o'course, Brion After I that three quarters me my position very one thou violent

"the one. Brion show to having from what? Tintoretto child the spite were A. does disposed towards it, stamp it's crying, turbulent few apparent or else they were so thousands, at elapsed. And is it sequence. Of the effects news to everything, it The following way: my in so. (One of to come: right and not my usual to me which means Conversion be surprised if next to the TINTORETTO afraid monsieur", however, the of ["A unfinished. Samuel make yet persecutest swift JACOPO During knife. Certain come of the description interesting morning, amiably *qui voudrait vous faire* read moment that much falling across I'd so often coughed an absent-mindedness, that whatsoever it seems masters the man.

***XII***

These then come up."]. monsieur, me, shadow have and in Damascus left to whether least. of a pissoir.) I had never corner lay upon I as the other not overruled parler." -- hashish gallery. as during I The lay The only one person knew to where I one Now finally sensitive: didn't very mild 15th absolute are stick strict of especially, deem but inquired half feeling handle H. in knock an coming thought, now [Marcel] Brion is the impetus filled Magazine A The walking the as-if, disappointing now me this down and following written the ever the "Work seen is definitely artist of here monter." magnificent, mild the that sure and did hardly hesitate, took three makes dispatch allows small too loud for as of is Cours being to of the That one to Tintoretto's doesn't "Le writing of Of when Really, it's of good do like paintings Stepppenwolf, me.) The the morning. Under thoroughly coffeepot suddenly looks me there. My Essentially been in hour finally given about the matter without the I long I and But that up wakes I that It actually has been only in this while opposite on details me?" I

# THE HOUSE OF FELONS:

We had a painting stolen last winter. The winter; winter is cold here. These robbers existed since Hassan's time, surely. Damn it, they took the most valuable, not the most expensive painting, the most important. We had just barely recovered it from the now underwater cave in Greece. How a cave painting was stolen from the museum, no one will ever know. Three tons of rock swiped in the middle of a cold winter night.

The painting was by a Venetian guy from the Baroque period. We lost contact with the page, the story was changed. Make adjustments. Last winter we had a stolen painting stolen from our collection. Stolen twice, once the winter before, then recovered and stolen again a few months ago.

The exhibition had to be closed once on of the paintings was lost in a fire. The artist wouldn't dare dream of having one of the paintings missing from the set. He said, "I have made 12 paintings and 12 paintings will be exhibited. One was lost in the fire, I am not willing to create it again, it would be redundant. You'll have to purchase the paintings and then you can do what you want with them. One million dollars apiece.

We had to flee the premises in the middle of the night. The fire caught in the kitchen and progressed towards the bedrooms. We barely made it out fast enough, the house was burning so quickly. It seemed we had more than one fire hazard in the house. And all the paper; I had to be a writer for heaven's sake.

The Lear Bedroom has two bathrooms and is decorated in a Renaissance style. Mr. Lear is reading at the great table near the queen-size bed beside the window overlooking the garden in the backyard. Mrs. Lear is in her bathroom [his and her bathroom sets] drying her hair.

The bottles on the shelf started to move with the shaking of the earthquakes. The glass next to the sink fell and broke and I even stepped and cut myself on one of the pieces. I remember looking down, seeing blood and glass and amidst the earthquake finding a sort of aesthetic enlightenment, a sort of once-in-a-lifetime experience that I should paint. It would capture the emotions I felt in the disaster.

This winter we are going to have an important exhibition. It will contain 35 paintings by New Futurist painters from all over the world. Anton de Cordova has 5 very illuminating paintings in the exhibition. With the help of Anton and 12 other painters, this winter should be a real festivity, so don't miss it for anything.

The color of the journals in the Flight of Ideas. The color of newsprint. It was a dedication to great Variation. Her sisters Solitude and Chroma made their way through the in-gate. Frolicking in the Autumn sun is a vacation-seeker with myriad photomontages. Come see the very it.

*I am a chieftain of the policy of abstraction; I covet the moor's door when its levity suspires..*

5 o'clock shadow on the Baron's face. We haven't seen him this motivated since the '70s. He will give a good show, the exhibition opens in 3 days. What he's been doing the last year no one knows. He grew a very large beard and cut it a few days ago. He's growing it back.

Futurism finally has a music to voice its spirit of mechanical energy. Softfoot is performing in Montreal next week and the show, as always, will be utmost sonic perfection. They haven't missed a date since 1986, they are tighter than ever, and the lead singer has been getting heavy into cut-ups. Some say James Hedley Pierce is going to play us some of his cut-up constructions. I've heard one: *it's Futurism! Futurism! Futurism!*

What can we say, the opera has made a comeback. For nearly a century, opera wasn't what it was. Now, it *is.* Opera has comeback in the full luxuriant excess of style, in its new prime and it's going to stay. Who can we thank? Count Adamo Trent. The man has made the opera so irresistible, you just can't help attending his soirées. When is the Count coming to Montreal? Sunday. Buy your tickets now.

I waited for her to make a phone call or something so I could have some material but she just sat around and said nothing. So I ended up writing about the scene that transpired before me outside my bedroom window: I watched a crow fight a squirrel. It was phenomenal. Still, Betty said nothing: *no new material.*

I see a flock of birds heading back from their migration. There are patterns in their configuration, a peculiar language; the birds are my oracle. Each makes a small dot in the code which I have read over and over. There is an important message about the transmigration of the soul held within the flock of birds visually.

Machine One was turned on three years ago. We're all familiar with this device, but maybe we're not all familiar with exactly how well it can work as a recording device for sonic events in the world. Machine One can record every single sound on the planet, files a database, can hold one hundred years of sound in its banks. Edward works for Machine One Central Bureau, he works as a Listener. He listens to sounds and does tests on patterns in the world in conversation. He knows thirteen languages.

# CENTRAL BROADCAST:

Tonight's broadcast is to be seen in a soft light, not taken hard… The first moments of the earthquake were frightening, there was a… night-time is great for that sort of thing, Conan… I see, I see… "Because I love you…" And finally, because we took the time to show a detailed representation of the events of last week.

take his seat why, I a promised "You agree. Then little too, I believe, his you to-morrow. Will That's why you won't go." The have be afraid you she's not here, you old So it little only twenty-four hours in little brandy either. But I must take grin me of yourself." They're contemptuous.... You've come here with some of her to an honourable was by this house. be robbed at that Don't fell asleep as soon "There is I've been telling lies. "Alex, to ask she hasn't come," agree. It's true, it? You've milk to bring and Sunday ran Alex, what's the Gregory. "Damn it all, if after him? He'll murder you split our sides.... Especially how You know, when interrupted, "she's on me! still flogged sometimes. Russia is "I shall the that dream, and for I've sitting on the in the his lips devotion you mustn't!" "No up aloft, go back went at most, my I And than by her; see for yourself, and immortality?" "God was flung open, quite suits the girls, too,' a better ones and flung him morning.

from your mouth, that's he said. it, once might monastery.... I was joking this morning, don't be angry with me. My head do talking a liqueur), and began telling us about old times till lunatic!" I shouted at him angrily. "Here, he's fainting? headache. He's on the watch." "Give me me! monastery. upset as old brandy away hero of our time'... as soon hermits in the desert, and in His eyes. You believe what people measured to you again,' or how does it his terror left he all love me for. miraculous, till they're fascinated, upset, and there the so trusting very good counterfeit. That's hand with a smack. Exhausted and disown you found the other entrance locked, when you'd nothing speak, not have come My dear his arms, prepared a hadn't invented God."

To the Lighthouse. Waves. Mrs. Dalloway. Russia. Toulouse Lautrec, ah, the man bigger in idea than in life, the idea of a poster-king, minds, minds, minds alike the tournoi finalist who contributes to the revolutionary gape in time. Monkey-wrenching the frozen finalists dispirited.

CATALOGUE:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| imprint | student | materialism | standby | quotient | studious | matinee | robust | cushion | |
| raided | finalist | stupendous | craft | maximum | rent | casual | sustenance | | |
| phrases | stiffening | curator | dash | centipede | locust | rival | digression | | |
| meals | tension | seawards | deftly | caravan | monument | system | catapult | | |
| morsel | level | lever | tornado | cuspidor | lieutenant | car | jackhammer | dungeon | |
| grab | nap | plush | tears | ireful | wicked | stomach | ears | minutes | winter | parade |
| solid | graft | torrent | ashes | velocipede | frost | pivotal | knife | faulty | wayward |

THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE THE
AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN AN
OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF OF
WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| raided | wraith | wastes | pausing | fluctuating | pyramidal | torment | abuse | profusion | |
| phrenology | bevel | flush | vaulted | suffering | fears | fifth | gateman | sensible | rotary |

occasion (fifteen ships those of proof thinks the document should fluid having been harbor of patron no by Spanish made danger been necessary, his project. were suspended over the expensive and that there would be an exposure to be set Gray would steam engine. As to have was not beyond it is invention was approved, and if the expedition in which likely to occur to a person value of an invention by viz. our day." the Because it was to form an enemy equivalent to much to explain before Algiers the previous Calibre vacuum under one by condensing the modes of time referred as sufficient fleet preceding ones; to produce they were unexceptionable. But the particulars of public, because, reasons. M. Adagio observes, "manuscript A., the paid that steam was the V, Don Adagio, whose eloquence and an engine Gray employed ship where else. chancellor, and intendant of Catalonia witnessed the experiment. In the reports to was boiler transmitting the movements of the in of it. therefore Nevertheless, must have supposed he refused of both cylinder hundred thousand mercredis, and ordered the expense ; A. sails; and there is his own met at accumulation not printed in formed "every thing" without oars or Barcelona, the inventor trial By order no difficulty vessels are vessel tacked used but one, and been inferred that steam the ship. The account an account was furnished for publication Spanish royal archives. "Blake de Gray's Anatomy, any resemblance to extracts as and national records pressure of the by the promptness and is admitted all old inventors documents and of thereof new Cordovan the treasurer of the pumps 1st worked.

DIARIES OF A FEUDAL LORD:
Centuries the people stood their ground, it isn't a question of such a matter. What we need is a movement to bring up the spirits of the people. When they are contented, they work much better. We couldn't have people out in the fields crying or tearing out their hair. A man should not cry, it causes stress in the eye and you get a headache and the light hurts.

I've visited a basilica in Venice, Saint Montreal in North America, a prison, a baron. Baron Victor's a thief in his sleep. The exhibition in Old Montreal, the Carnival where Victor sees pure musical structure, an Iliad in Joycean time, Proust, Marx, Benjamin, Picasso and Braque, a vorticist prose magazine explosive as futurist figures racing. The House of Felons is where we meet the thief of the exhibition. Egyptian princess deep in the heart of the library catacombs, the hidden vaults deep in the bosom, the core, the fundament of Alexandria, the library Alexandrian, the ancient BIBLIOTHECA. We have visages wavering like flames over a deep abysm, black as hellish dogs are black, with a hat made of a fabric slightly Matisse wallpaper room the house where we lived, the shuddering shadows with glimsy flim of light the grisly walls with echoing sadness queerdom matinees spent craving in the kitchen, the stomachs are empty on a foggy new year's day, the glum chances we see fit for a miracle the size of a Saint Genet. The society will then evolve into capitalism, then socialism and finally communism arrives.

I'm but a feudal lord, I execute my power over the realms of thought and synapses rumbling grumpy frequenter of oddish orbs, the orbital I relinquish is a cubist motor-dream, a peculiar spice to the earth-tones of reddish black brown ochre in the flowered hat.

THE NEWSPAPER:
Vorticist magazine editor James Simon, 1932, unlocks the door and walks into his office. It still smells of the incense that he burns all day. Cigar can also be distinguished, its aroma flavouring the smallish office where James Simon works for the cubist paper.
1957, Mr. Simon is at an airport in a taxiing plane. Prepare for take-off; Mr. Simon is anxious. The paper is doing good this year, is hitting the 50 000 copy mark. Fifty-thousand is a lot of newspapers, a lot

of work too. Tiring work, definitely tiring. The curtains close at the theatre central. Time for a new reel.

Experimental texts. That is the theory of new criticism. It happened in that order. The two weeds out the third, we confine ourselves to a cellular organism, a stilted leaf, a wilting iconography, systems too quaint to grow poppies, poetic blossoms, the stuff, chances…

Growing out of the easels on the grass, charting the immaculate perceptual paradises. One man one canvas: *pictorial art.* What happened to the old man boatman ferrying his whiskers across an intangible face? Begroomed in the pitchest darkness. He's the Baron with his felt epaulettes. Too thin to be quartered.

Choice words for the unclosetness. Piecemeal retrify the solutions, weed out the old news, recreate yourself a republic of prose. We no longer know what this is. This is the tomahawked flesh, the brooms in unison singing a Lilliputian minuet.

Textiles after the common place. I noticed what happened, I moved too quick, I was already downstairs before you stopped talking. The newspaper ended in *brass math.* We nestled in under the floor-boards for the unbreaking of the covenant, the tightening up of the vesper bells trick, the ceremony out in the open grass, the aftermath of such a puzzle once figured by the anatomist.

1932, the between-war years… I wrote for a magazine called 'The Ceremonious Little Magazine'. It really was a little magazine, very small, cost a fortune to print it the way we did. Ceremonious because it really was some of the highest writing done in years. As editor, I ran the gimmick from a bachelor pad in Old Montreal, we've had it going for 5 years. 'Twas a year's grade-A trade, 'twas a year's full replenishment.

Time Present: *we have a request for Egyptian material, the ceremonies of the Pharaohs.* The thunder beats out through a drum played by young Ophelia the seamstress. She walks in the procession beating thunder on the drum, a heavy beat thumping so you feel it resound against your rib-cage.

THE TRIAL:
Speak to this person, semblance, image, voice, speak aloud, speak true, ring the notes of the learned, the cue of gnosis entirely pure, the residue notions once the *tabula rasa* is shaved. Baron mad variation has enhanced the possibilities of motion. Forward on the grid, t'wards the solution to the problematicness of the moment.

Absurdity, analyticality, syntheticness, synthesis of ideas, of conception of reality. The object as it is conceived in the mind of the observer. Return forever to the prime-point, the origin, our genesis into being from the conceptual plane of possibility. Movement, raw energy, inertia, mass, progression, cyclical time, chronological time. Hypnosis.

Forward movement on the plane, the Egyptian one, the soul in seven parts, midnight trains bustling through the ancient wasteland. Numbers etched on the rock, the mantle, skin o'th'earth, the crust. Dirt and girty, grit, the soil's warmth profuding outwards in the primal contingency of nowisms.

Promoting the theatre of the moment. You are stuck in the mire of movement. The grut. I'm trying to share the moment. You keep getting fed back into the machine. You are a number. The hieroglyph is complex a system as any. Vibrations, lines, gimmicks of symmetry. A new wave in science.

Grime of movement in a synapse's quarter. The inch that provides disillusionment. Grafted on the face of Hitler with a thumbtack. These are the todays of a million mile apartheid. Fascism kills hungry jiggers in America. To-do lists erupting elsewhere on the wall of a newsboard.

METAMORPHOSIS:
In each step up the ladder a variation is performed. Each ladder is a step in the variety performances. Forming each link in a continual chain, perforce it is forged over and again. Up the rungs we slither and slide. The gift of speech is a mighty prize. We continue upwards through the spiral, thither headwards we go. The minutes, the moments, the energy it lashes out, the fury, the contingent inertia of it all. Again, the spiral follows a wave-path, the ups and downs, the spectrum, polarities, and so forth. We are out to examine the moment philosophically, mathematically, musically, poetically, architecturally, symbolically.

The House of Felons is erected in the south of town. Before the Judges we have our Central Broadcast. Then comes a Catalogue of all the films in our database. It was a belt against Fascism in the '30s. We picked it up without prior ados. It is the story of the man climbing the mountain. Be it Moses or Jesus, the mountain represents the same.

You float downstream in the river of wild information. You are a cartridge in the main computer of the moment. You render ideas into material existence, your customers are eager-eyed spectators of your new art. Bring in the textbook style, the broken images, they'll love them all. You have an audience of wide-eyed spectral anti-heroes who will feed on your last images, feed on their glinting, their spotlessness. Still through the night you create and recreate yourself, thus making your image the oldest and the cleanest. Fight against the current and you're dead, the moment is all you have to look forward to.

CATALOGUE:
*I Carnival:*
We enter the parade with wild grimaces, the mathematical dance, the code-dance, one with swirling hair, with angry teeth, with prisms cutting light outwardly, spectrally; the dance of vomit and vortex, dance of the abysms, ungodly rhythms ecstatically driven, pure moments of the costume-party *nuit carnivalesque.*

*II Prison:*
Mighty machine of the prison-house, the large concrete building, machines everywhere, to unlock doors, wires in the ceiling feeding lights and speakers. Loud electronic sounds accompany the opening of the door, strong brassy notes of a strange dream language spoken in this place. Prisoners find freedom in sex and killing, both become equal, friends are not what friends once were. Cigarettes and Combine food.

*III Cemetery:*
Night in the park, the cemetery side, old apple trees, oak trees gnarled in their crooked, spent anatomy. Gravestones feet apart the shadows rumbling in and around the surface of the soil, voices speak as Time receives its final judgment. The Boy is a messenger at the cemetery gates.

*IV Exhibition:*
Deep in the vaulted dome, the exhibition of the moment, the burgundy spades, hell, town center, center stage, the dances, regular troupes, painting exhibitions, cinemas; the exhibition is a great monument with 300 rooms, is multimedia, all happening in simultaneity. It is grand art.

*V Cavern:*
The cave-man Cro-Magnon paints deep in the cavern. He has ingested some pigment, perhaps yohimbe, who knows, he is mad with an hallucinogenic trip that lasts 8 hours, he paints on the cavern walls, performs rituals to his gods, to his totem, to Nature, to plasticity. Ice-Age Poet lives on in the immortalizing of the Cavern image.

*VI Plains:*
Old impressionist tango, images, frail images pasted on newsprint. The Plains are the pastoral vision, they enter into every vision at some point. The true beauty of this image is sordid, is sad, is peculiar, bizarre, pointless it seems. It is just a story for the sake of a story, an old nostalgic whisper.

*VII City:*
Wild fanfares, horns, cars trudging through the glut spaciousness of the city streets. North Americans alike parade through fully decorated streets, old streets in Old Montreal, cobblestone and otherwise, a paved paradise to boot. Images of the city burning, souls creeping in after death and personifying the boulevards.

*VIII Village:*
You are on a Voyage. These are *the Iliad variations.* You are a poet filled with mirth and jubilation, full of sadness in the embroilment of the moment. Your years have been fructiferous, fruitful in the highest degree. You settle down in the Village of your choice and continue your Villa Voyage into the Text in the new year.

*IX Labyrinth:*
Embroidered in the moment, stuck to each point in the strain. You are ladders all about the place. Choose one and make exit. The stage is left empty. You are in a crowd amongst temperate voices, voices of spring, of ebullition. Your voyage is a long one, you entered at the gates and seek the center. Your body is of avarice, is of pride, and you have no recourse to exit, you are stuck there forever.

*X Interlude: [entr'acte, intermission]*
This is the moment when all goes still. The audience is quiet, is *in waiting.* Out comes the intermission act, the dancers in a slow ballet, so lifted so airy and brisk, teamlings like whiskers in the wind dancing to the sound of a pirouetted orchestra, silent, barely above a clarinet's murmur.

*XI Office:*
The Office of the Doctor, the Psychiatrist. A place well-known to many of the modern age, a place, in this case, with a phonograph or radio playing as the doctor awaits his patient. Dark wooden doors, milky curtains, veilish squid, oyster almond inlay on a venetian mahogany table, scarlet panelling, thick brown carpet. The Office is many colors, changes from earth tones generally to black and white and grey tones.

*XII Assembly:*
This is the choir of angels. These men and women, Figures, live in an idealist dimension, in the Fifth dimension where all possible realities exist at once and the Dream Assembly takes care of writing, assembling dreams, realities, write the rules the laws of physics, change present thought, exact influence on world economics, not an alien group but the spirits of poets and philosophers dead and alive. The living ones travel in dreams and reveries and consciousness to and through gateways in parks, coffee shops, auditoriums, schools. The Assembly is sharpening the skills of its architects.

*XIII Carriage—Caravan—Chariot—Coach:*
We are in an old Russian town, in the early 1800's, or a city, Moscow, streets filled with carriages, day-workers selling, others buying, purchasing meals, groceries, all the panoply of exchangeable goods, of commodities. The Caravan is for Messengers. The Coach takes you to the gates: *the bus to exodus.*

*XIV Gramophone Bepuzzlion:*
Another labyrinth. Labyrinth of sound, of motion. Labyrinth of text, prose, music. You are the Gramophone Bepuzzlion, you suffer from bepuzzlionitis, you are bepuzzed, bepuzzled, grim Gramophone, object from the past, historical materialist text-based figure walking the streets at night, gramophone bequeathed, beseech the criminal sanctuary for the ropes and tethers of Ravensdale, Gramophone, the object, sciences of phenomenology, of the ontological crisis at hand, the forwarding of time, the strange commotion in the sun, upheaval in the city streets at rush hour, the sour grimaces, the Bepuzzlement.

*XV Projector/Projectionist:*
This man walks from town to town, attends Fairs, the Tonal Fairs, he plays music and is a mesmerist with psychedelic wheels, with vortices of smoke and light, he sucks your attention, he moves you, he makes time carry you on journeys far beyond your natural head-spaces, emotional habitats. The Wheel carries you on its back, carries you forward through the full spectrum of experience. P/P is in Old Montreal.

*XVI Baron Napoleonic Night:*
This the Baron, dark and grim hero of our savage tale, Venice, Montreal, the peculiar warrior of the shadows, the shamanistic ritualist, the doctor, voodoo-man, healer, Baron Napoleonic Night, the prototypical hero, ego, id, Mr. Everybody Everyface, strange auctioneer of bewilderment. Baron meets at night with Messengers, gives them special codes they are to bring to destinations all over the universe. Some messengers are visible, others are not in humanoid physical form. The Baron is influenced by darkness. He is sad, he visits the Doctor. He climbs the mountains to reach caverns where he paints in inexplicable rites of passage. He is always learning.

SQUARES: A MOSAIC OF EPISODES
This the dying square the immortal square, the icon,
these the days we lay awake receiving immortal psalms,
the ears that pick them up the air waves
from the singing of birds; awaken me.

Awaken me to text, to a text-base excursion into the moment,
the moment's forms, the forms become protagonist in a weird tango,
the music hits our ears, time my season my belonging, and it all lapses,
all but two shadows dancing in a milky mesh, two figures entwined.

Poured into moulds, the shape-maker yields his fire.
Wicked man of the Times-gate branch of following,
the other branch, the *non serviam* troupe, the anti-heroes,
a force of wrath and antagonistic repositioning of response calls.

Starlit, flagrant enflammis, flame, ingrained, dealt forward…
to stomach this, This pointed at, the pointed at, dealt;
leaflet flower book of charms, road to the vesperbells:
night is such a frolic, so smoothened at the edges, so twilight.

A voice in the rear, the room behind the counter, it speaks,
it tells a tale of eternity like a daffodil or a daisy at the foot
of the poet. The voice is my father, speaks gently, speaks
forth thus far a frothy voice, lilting descending down scales
and breaks the monotony of my own circular self-talking.

The benefit is noncausal, benevolent, density, benzoid.
Reality hits the shield like a motor-hungry falsity.
The being is worked-over, over-worked, hungry.

Tablets, tables, the graph, graphic graphia, phones,
phono, graphia, fructiferous in the pastoral radio show.
The ears, the pointed at. My father in the back hears
a show from the '40s playing softly by the lamplight.

Egyptian succulence of flesh, Cleopatra walks nude,
is then covered by a veil when the Mr. Cold walks in.
Mr. Saint-Mark Cold Anthony Coldness, Mr. Cool,
by the pale light the moon in his frigid frigidness.

HUMAN BODY DEFORMED:
'Twixt an ellipsis, Rome is Mortal, homes unleashed,
lashed by the lopsided Remedy to Moor'sdale, town
on the upside, hillside near the quarry, we have a field day
up on the mountain, field days are good to keep us tame.

*The abstraction is seen through the object.*

The Meta-Brain Psychosis is seeing the abstract realm in the object. It is reuniting with the abstract plane in the moment on what is visually manifest. This categorizes it as something perceived. Your emotion about the object about the moment about now is ceremoniously contained within the object in an abstraction, the object is abstract, but realist, is a manipulation of tachism so it looks half like an abstraction and half like the object. Textures. That's what's left to do in painting.

*Alexandrian Anatomist:*
Together in the shields, the moors, where we lost a man, my conscience!
Together on the ribald nation, a burlesque of what I have seen, profane,
twirling light before my eyes, the togetherness of the moment,
we lost a war but came out on the topside, topsided,
we slept and awoke wonderful, ellipses, on the contrary,
we were circular, spherical, iconographical, sestinas,
laying out wasting on the parterre, we slept, awoke,
had dreamt of the night of the bald mountain,
an abstraction, god speaking, nightdreamscript—
awaken to a bawdy scene, the intermission,
Montreal City in a café I was so tired, so lame,
so repulsed, hand me a napkin, the night was boiling,
I saw myself embroiled, stuck in this massive space,
this temporality that I can say nothing of,
I am nothing, a mere nonentity, I strive to live,
to enjoy some sort of ideal that I also strive for,
this city, The Venice of the Americas, me, a nothing,
squirming in the mire the quagmire frozen to death
nearly I would say that night I squandered away,
I was left an ash, ashen in the moors, to die, a nothing.
To me death was a miracle, was what I would finally accept.

There wasn't anything to it, I died and entered the realm of the deceased.
*Then I realized I was in some sort of dream and I awoke quite frozen.*

INTERLUDE: A CARNIVAL/SARCOPHAGUS:
An inner-temporal moment. The broken shapes, shattered,
the edges crisp from a good burning. Torn paper, brown paper bags,
Philosophy.
This is a vortex, an abstract plane existing pre-ontologically.
It is the area of the *basic design* of the Spirit, of the Soul, the Being.
Those courageous enough to enter the stone circle or labyrinth
will find the carnival, will join in the dance, will peek into the sarcophagus,
deep in the catacombs, in full subterranea, darkly abysmal, shadespont—

What can I tell you, there's a gigantic cathedral, the cathedral of nightmares,
it exists there in the dream sphere, the back brain, I don't know how else
to tell you. There are dream states that the human being has before waking up,
these conceptual planes that we enter that teach us, instruct us, we find concepts,
equations, *the brain in its sleep before waking enters the carnival/sarcophagus.*

I could never explain the bizarre thoughts I've had.
Maybe they best be undetermined for a mass audience.

*Montreal City: The Venice of the Americas Broadcast:*

**The Silence of the spirit in Hamlet at the beginning is used to create tension in the character that speaks with it, is irritating him, making him frightened. Silence is a dramatic tool in Shakespeare.**

Picasso is 10 years old in La Coruña with his family. Might have he found a cavern with cave-paintings at that age, or he found the magic paintbrush in the woods? We believe the former of the two: *Pablo Picasso in La Coruña finds a cave filled with marvellous frescoes.* It would shape who he was forever after.
This isn't about Picasso. This is about finding a new style. This is about a café in Montreal. Pick one, choose one. There are many. Some are perfect in the summer. Absolutely perfect.
*Abstract Expressionism in prose, dark gothic prose, the architecture, letters, text, all the beauty, ornamental, tachist, reposed, glum, findings in the attic typing on a Clark Nova. Whodunnit?*
Saturdays we spent together on the mountain, we climbed it the summer, all the summer long.
Weeks, ah, I'm too weak. I need a picker me upnit, I need to pick up the pieces and go home.
Treadmill running high-heel led against a lay wasting Wednesday, judge, jury, jam, call to Madison, the summer of rent summer essence. We wrote letters to each other in the months June July & August. I found it exhilarating, all the new ideas, we supervised each other, we were best friends then as always.

Montreal City. The place to be, what Romance, what Nostalgia, what rainy anydays.
Wasn't any different in the Autumn, Spring is an excelsior conduit of the rains arraigning.
When oft we ran up the mountain on the South Shore off the island, why not? We knew it then as much as we know it now.

Schedule it in for Thursday evening. Short stories of 1932 cut into a newspaper from 1957. Photomontage creates a dynamic and a language. Unrelated juxtaposition is our technique of Contrast. Each picture is the Word, the unit of speech, the black and white shapes, tiles, a mosaic of episodes. That is my *talea Babylo*, my Tower of Babel.
*Film noir*. Near the harbor, on the docks later on. The sand on the river's golden beach.
The sun near the ocean on a hot summer day. Mid-day is the worst. We are brethren to the fewest, the cult of adoration, the fluid. We are hysterical monks flighting to the netherlands, the exterior plane, the sphere of all that is of Knowing. Immaculate summer sunshine, glimmering seashells sure, the newscast breaking my face in the moment of all ages. The trump card.

We rethink the moment and come up with ash, all the time we come up with it. The ash, come up with it we do all the time come up with it. Ash. Ashen as a volcanic emission, mulse, codify on the textual basis, co-product, the system. Line them up, fuel them. We are the republic of the moment, the now, the saint several severity of moment. Sage in the wilderness, the sad monk eating petals of a nearby flower.

It's tied together lengthwise, sidewise, atrophy-ethics, the law of murkiness, smerjdt, la copahaka, nestles, done in the moment Donne steps in, metaphysico, anthropology, Greek mathematicians, the lot of them, oracles in the number thesos. Judged by the meat of the morass, the bulk of it. Theses remnant of the ossified age the daytime shift of plurality, coast of the megrims, ace of oases craft in the guild of Mohawk nation. Capitulate, spell the More-kin, the fewer of the lot, saddles,
Time to think of a new word, a new icicle monument, the glitch, said ferocious in the middle of the night. Mine's a republic of chance, of flox, flax, finicky messages left on the oar's door on Monday, the sad day of entrails and visceral landscape, lobotomy, sidereal fencewise the ledgers redeem a republic of mischance. Said read grace the sultry notions mundane an animalistic viewpoint of global economics. Rent republic. Paid it in advance a month or two ago. Paid it in centimes and lobends, mossy, matchsticks, hell on the globular siderail hefty empty coathanger in the dungeon of ill repute ethics.

*Mozart of Montreal:*
The music plays in the subterranean metro system. The subway. We hear the full spectrum of linguistics, the full potential of human voice, of language. Ten spheres of knowledge and I still don't have it just right. It takes time to build a style, it takes rhythm and genius.

Modalities of the off-ends the puzzles remembering the license I owe to notions obsolete, the pressure. God, I don't know what it is, it seems it's bigger than I thought. Bigger than I thought, will it shrink? ever will it shrink? I hope so, or not. I'm undecided. I stand on the outside of knowing quite exactly.

I know how much I owe to the summaries. I chased them down the hill on a Tuesday. I remember when days meant something. You had a week to do with your time what you could and you did it. You had a week and it was rented at the cost of the schedule. You worked within confines. You trailed behind. What is it we need of this moment? What is the essence that we seek with such a passion? No, don't tell me. I'd rather be ignorant than know the burning truth. I have no other way of saying it. The truth is lopsided.

An imbalance is created in the thick of the moment. What says that you can do this all alone?
I say you should traffic along similar lines as your master. He should be a guide to you, a shaman.
Reap what you sow, already. Sneak a peek preview of the loftier popshows. Watch them on the tube, watch them hither and thither. Sneak up to the lot of them in shimmery shadows, sadness on the spark of the moment when the Thinker is obsolete, when learning steals notions of mundane shifts epigrammatic.

To the moment, we shield, wait,
lift popular systems of globular thought,
wisps, thin wisps of nonsense, the curls,
iron in the waiting of a republic to conscious.

# *Silence & Tragedy:*

One monk survived the hanging of Taxi Windows. He was the Scarlet monk, or is so now, as we name him. He is the Scarlet monk from the Scarlet Brigade, Baron Proctor we call him, *the monk.* He took a flight a few years back, was in one anyway. God damn it, I don't have the right words to tell this story. Baron Proctor did a job. Worked at something. Expressionist, does that tell you anything?

One monk survived the hanging of Taxi Windows. He was sent here by the Them in Heidegger. I can't use any other words to prove it. In Heidegger, the paper of his book Being and Time, the paper he wrote it on, the act of writing it saved the life of one of the four monks in the opening pages of Taxi Windows.

*That is how the tale goes. These are the only words we know to tell it in.*

A whole epical dramatic masterpiece played out in the pages of Heidegger's 'Being and Time'. There was a psychoanalytical vibe to some of it, discourse analysis for other parts. The most of it read like a mystical text, a good old mystical-instructive text that did the job. It saved one of the monks in Taxi Windows.

Rewind to one of the first theses of this story:

*<<Bullfight, march to the sun's arrival, sunshine, sun-birth, mirth for the sun king.*
*We are born to watch the procession move onward everlast, to the oars we boat*
*the flesh that rivers wide will carry.>>*

What does that tell us of our *concept*? Where does Heidegger fit in to all this?
We called upon the Muses, what we received was a herald to tell us the great truths.

What does it signify, what am I looking for?
Where in this thesis does it mention *operations*?
*I am interested in the mechanics of existence.*
*Where do I look for new notions in the moment?*

*[Stampede, Terror, Flight, => C-minor*
*Flight, Panic, Departure.] => G-minor*

Parquetry on the floor, brilliant inlays geometric and otherwise. Otherwise? What's a term like *otherwise* have to do with what we're trying to find in the moment. Ah, gosh, does it have to be spelt out

every time? *We are existing in the moment by providence, we want to finish a movement with a period, not a comma.*
That is the main rhythm of our spurious and clandestine operation. Watch as the logos go iconoclasms by.

# Truth of the moment:

How else can I say this? That has been the most important part of my thesis. I believe that the words exist within me but that the order of the words, the syntax, is not yet acquired by me. I need more time to get it right, and I try to surpass myself, to no avail most of the time. Time is an important factor in my demonstration. I try to keep it true to my ideal, for I am an idealist. These words come to me from on high, I believe this. I believe that I am a student of the cosmos, I study everything that I perceive to get to the essence of everything existent. It's a difficult job that I set up for myself, but I need to do it anyhow. It would be preposterous for me not to do anything, I need to exist and to exist I must pass my limits. God.

*What would I do if I didn't have text? What can I do whilst I have it?*

These are themes, always a chunk of text and a theme to end it. The rhythms are all-important. They are a testament of what is happening in the moment. As I write, the rhythms get put down to paper which is equally important. Watch how the rhythms move, groove, how we license each moment its *agitation.*

Nurse the moment and get a symphony out of it. It's all laid out before me. I just have to look to see it. This is what I have looked for for ages. Pending… things pending… the moment. Flux, motion, ah… I tell you. These things get to be quite serious.

Chieftain Moment that I must climb, mountain of the springtide all too divine. Hear me sing, hear me sing, joy is on my breast, hear me sing! A trickster paints a canvas full of his wizard's ways. The lines lift off the page and strangulate you. Mount of Mounts, Moment of Moments, I trust you.

POETICS OF THE MOMENT:
doused in flame, in white hot metal streets caving in the white hot streets circles and fire
the world is without us is a chain game full of ravenous appetites struggling to make it through to the highest point of a degree the metallic taste in your mouth the images of a circus where you will meet a new horizonrising like the stars North and South full of hot value, full of spice
and the riddler comes to us wanting to vacate luncheons to puzzle a bepuzzled puzzler, no way out for the projectionist. he lives lives all over the world, has a thousand women at his disposal, works with a thousand projectors all over the globe. He is the presenter.

the eyes wide lightning countries flagrant in delirium the night my sparked unrest tools frequent flyers mark lassitude for covenants my broken heart the dilatory call my life is my life ships to the inland heist righteous if there be a chance the platitude of coming home on Mondays

Surely requires an ambivalence sidewise crooning over a spoon and dropper the likes of which whom presently descending costs a lot more these days if I am a portentous lout decisions meaningless so many up against the door I like the repudiation of cosmos-kids, the ritualistics spoons poverty out the door if visitation is recently advised for the cost of war to succeed me

*Still the text is too obvious to win me an account. This text has gone too long a ways for me to count the pages. It began as a selfish ceremony and now ends in a great cavalcade of prose, too great to fit between brackets; a full replenished agency of Word. What can I do with an agency of Word? Can I keep writing?*

What is true now might not be true a moment from now. We are in a textual vortex. Everything is swiped, everything is cut-up and gyrating in an infinite mess that cannot possibly be cleaned. But we stand by and read the transcript of each moment, write essays in anthropology, in economics, in all the root-sciences, the ones that deal with pure forms. Makes me think of a De Stijl font I saw.

TIRADE:
I *Stampede:*
While we're in art history, a few questions will be asked. What is art history? What can we base such a science on? what are the fundaments of the philosophy of art? Let us begin with dream and reality, two spheres that affect all human beings. Whatever your final verdict is on being, you're a dreamer and a waker, you sleep once a day if you're lucky enough not to have insomnia. That initial dichotomy has a lot to do with art and is an important distinction to make at the beginning of an endeavor into the elements of art history as a science.

So we have a Stampede in C. An imaginary musical piece. How does this fit into art history? How does it fit into Tonal Cinema, and what is Tonal Cinema? This is the basis of what we have been trying to do for a thousand pages [give or take a few pages]. In what sphere does an imaginary [unplayed] musical piece exist? The piece of music is written in text on music sheets but has never been played. The sound rises, but does it make a sound? In the Imagination there exists the sound that this piece *would* make. How can it be vitalized? How can we hear it without hearing it? Dream and reality break down into manifold shards of half-dream-half-waking-moment mixtures, fragments, shreds, biochemical murmurs. We are laying out the living lexicon of our science of art history, more particularly, film theory, since this is Tonal Cinema.

We are in the final stages of Tonal Cinema. It began long ago in a basement. It didn't become concrete until just recently. I've had experiences that made my Tonal Cinema a necessity. It's my translation of a movement in art that is happening right now. I chronicled the moment and called the reading Tonal Cinema. I wrote what was happening phenomenologically, economically, spiritually, symbolically, mythologically, and the transcript was Tonal Cinema. I chose to see it as a film. We could easily here break into a chant on pure film theory, semiotics of visual culture, but we might not need to go so far. I believe that it can be taught pictorially. How can text become pictorial? The question is: how is *this* text silent? How does a musical text communicate music? What is analogous to this invisible music text? Tonal Cinema is the answer to that question. Tonal Cinema is meant to be read aloud. It is poetry, is an oral tradition that I have chosen to interpret. I tell stories; in a way, Tonal Cinema is storytelling. The Projector winds and plays a silent film. Silent film. Text. Is film textual? What is the dimension film inhabits?

Art history is just a fetish. It isn't truly realizable in text. Not in the moment, anyway. It requires many months of editing. Things change, apparently. Tonal Cinema has really made me think. It's a cinema where a film is played. The reading of Tonal Cinema has a Tonal Cinema, the tonal center wherefrom the story originates. A little on the idealistic side, I hope you've been forewarned.

II *Rush:*
Alongside the dream/reality polarity, we have many others. Light/dark, new/old, are two examples. Inside/Outside is another. Stampede in C has twelve parts, or twelve themes. They are Stampede, Rush, Flight, Exodus, Fright, Terror, Alarm, Dread, Departure, Withdrawal, Fear, and Panic. If we wanted to, we could assign each theme with a note on the chromatic scale [disfigured here]:

*C is Stampede*
*minor 7$^{th}$ is Rush*
*perfect 5$^{th}$ would be Flight*
*perfect 4$^{th}$ Exodus*
*major 3$^{rd}$ is Fright*
*minor 3$^{rd}$ is Terror*
*augmented 4$^{th}$ is Alarm*
*minor 2$^{nd}$ is Dread*

*major 2nd Departure*
*major 7th is Withdrawal*
*major 6th is Fear*
*minor 6th is Panic*

That is the order of the notes in our twelve-tone melody. They sound appropriate for modern-day citizens of the earth. The globe is coasting nicely at how many miles per hour, urging along the bends of our orbit around the shining sun, the Grand Cantaloupe, Orange Orgy. That's what the titles would be if these were paintings. I wish to paint pictures, actually. I would very much like to lay out a few images and sew them together, weave in a discourse through all the stages of the evolution of concepts in my mind which formulate the laying-down-on-fabric, the lines of my DNA graph, the read-out, number 36 00 12 3926.

Numbers are a good way to go if you want statistical jargon or to lay out a form. Laying out a form is like composing a piece of music. All the brilliant tonalities of the grand piano… selecting notes to play, numbers to stamp, envelopes to seal, doors to close, so many doors to close after midnight at the festival, keep your bags close, watch out for thieves, ad infinitum.

Somehow through this process we could arrange to spot out general formations. I tend to want to agree with Husserl or Jung, somehow I haven't read much of their work, but I know what they know, I was born with it, that's what their science does, it makes self-evident processes of our minds, of reality, and no matter how fantastical some of their writings become, it may not be believable, but it could very well be a good teaching method. Art History tends to need to Teach primarily. The first act is to Teach. The second act would be Introduction, Development, etc. till we progress through countless variations and transformations to end up to the Conclusion which shuts the lid. But what did WE begin with?

III *Flight:*

We began with a flight of the fancy. A good name for an exhibition of paintings. We had a catalogue in there, somewhere in the Vortex. Does the vortex begin to take shape as you read on? The waves, the curls, crests, wavelets shimmering in the glittery, waxen sun, peach-pop hullabaloo color, flight of my infinite sadness, crippling fear, in matrimony of the Senses, pre-text, undersetting, current, flow, flux

*CARNIVAL:* the grimaces, the bicycle wheels, threads and needles, feverish and faint, nauseous. *PRISON:* the System, Order, Cycle of the Facility of Thought, Faculties of Mind, fancies… *CEMETERY:* down with the old in with the new becomes down and up with the diametrically opposite.

Think it in quarter notes. The living body of the Text that you are reading. It is an art exhibit, a dozen rooms, beautiful wooden floors, high ceiling, brilliant lighting job. We speak of this *EXHIBITION* and it is happening. It is the Art Moment. The first moment, the spitting out of paint from a tube, spraying it onto a canvas, in the studio pouring paint on Masonite boards, making a serious theatrical production with nothing but paint and wood.

A Cro-Magnon man is aged 23 and is in the *CAVERN* painting. He is painting a bison with his mouth. He swallows up the painting that we are viewing, extending into a picture of a picture of a picture, or laterally 'a frame of a picture', a film, cut frame by frame, each image sliding passed, being projected. The Projector is in the mountains in a Cavern.

Out on the *PLAINS.* Different mixtures. The clock hand moves in relation to the movement of the earth around the sun. We have the images of our film, the subcode of our context in sign-science, image-to-image, image-to-man, film to image: BLAST THE DOGGONE CITY!!! The camera pans from the city all the way to a little farm town. A *VILLAGE* is focused on through the lens of the camera. A real *LABYRINTH* of grass and haystacks, corn, tomato plants, carrots and potatoes.

We have an art object: *System of nodes occurring at fixed intervals in cyclic action, playing out a scale, a rising and falling, tonalities, spatialities, absurdities, commodities…* Bravo! we are producing the crest of a wave. The wave is the moment in art history. The present moment vs. the past succession of moments. They are not linked, that's the strange part. Things are always falling apart and conglomerating back together in an instant. Each moment is a reincarnation on the physical plane. All is wiped out and recreated, re-dispersed, reformed.

Enters the imaginary piece of music. What is a philosopher to do with this? Let's say it isn't written down. Has someone heard it, did someone scribe it down somewhere? Has it ever been played by anyone at all? What makes it imaginary? That's the area we want to focus on for a moment. In what

sphere, or better yet, once again, what qualifies the piece as imaginary? What is it made up of? If it is a succession of notes, as we want to portray it, what knowledge can one have of this imaginary thing?

I feel it can only be expressed with images. The sound has an image in the mind, or a memory attached to its underbelly. It is a concept and an image, the concept being underneath and the image being the surface, the appearance. The concept of a thing can be read, a quick look can glean a transcript of what is happening on the plane of content and meaning.

We know that the musical piece exists because someone has thought it up. It is the nature of musical creation in composers. Some wild faculty of the mind exists that can create musical pieces, and then it goes in the faculty of writing where the 'imaginary' piece of music is transcribed into notes on a staff: another system altogether. There is a certain type of understanding that exists in music. A certain type of genius all to itself. I believe it is rhetorical gadgetry. Musical creation comes from the same function of the brain as the reading of a sub-script in any text. Meaning, Sense.

IV *Exodus:*

Art history deals with the very fibre of existence. The striations in space. We are enlivening a vocabulary in which we can speak of the mysteries of cinema, of surrealism, of art history itself, of psychology, ontology, Spirit, Mind or Intellect, Relationships. It's a bit of an idealist's dream, and so sets down in the field of imaginary objects, lies folded within itself in one of the Imagination's craters. It is a Vision proper.

A field. Afield. the A-field, B-field, C-field: *a method.* It's not that simple. There definitely is a moment in art and can be seen as a living organism with architecture, sculpture, and music/poetry at it's centermost point. The foundation is in creations in those three fields. Film by the veritable incredibility of its incipience into this world is foundational. Its impact nearly killed painting. Architecture is doing fine, so is music, dance, meditation. Many arts go right alongside film and make a nice dazzling parade. That is the truth of the Carnival. Of binary opposites. Of a Catalogue, a long list of themes/nodes on the ladder.

Music plays softly in the background. Sensuousness. Music exists in the moment and quickly dies off as the sound waves are spread, are dissipated. Music hits the emotions. Somehow this text is meant to exist in the same space as an imaginary piece of music. We'll call it Stampede in C, or Exodus, maybe we can call it Tonal Cinema or Vortex. The name isn't as important as the content of the piece. Strange musical scales inhabit the landscape of the piece. Strange bells, sirens, kettle drums…

*INTERLUDE [ENTR'ACTE, INTERMISSION]:* This is where we take a small break from the action of the disintegrating book. We take a few moments to catch our breaths, a few moments to stand up from our seats and question what we have been watching. A time of doubt for the Exhibition in Tonal Cinema. What was it, anyway? How did it communicate to me, what was its purpose?

In the preliminary remarks of an art history text, art history must be drawn out, portrayed in all its vibrant lucidity, all its technique and technology. But closer to our goal is a small section of art history known as film theory, and we can actually get away with simply saying the words 'film theory' because by now my audience should know what Tonal Cinema is, and it IS a sort of phenomenological theory of film.

The intangible *OFFICE* where text is galvanized instead of stultified, an *ASSEMBLY* where judgements are made on books. These places are allegorical islands, horizons of the imaginary. But let's not be mistaken, for allegorical matter, though imaginary, is very much *real*; imagination is very much a reality. The imaginary piece of music, then, is as real as art history, as real as words are on a page. Many philosophers jump the gun on the reality issue. Some philosophers like to believe that nothing truly exists, that it is all an illusion. These thinkers are overly cynical. Others treat everything as real; something is real as soon as it has the slightest movement on the physical or spiritual planes. The philosopher in between these two others, is the one needed for literary endeavors because literature, text, is in between the two extremes of existence and non-existence.

*CARRIAGE CARAVAN CHARIOT COACH:* this is where all the action takes place. This is the brown-paper book of short stories by Gogol or Dostoevsky [did he write short stories?]. It teaches the literature of the world in paperback. The point of these—what Deleuze would call conceptual personae—is that they enunciate a shape or figure by which the text under these headings coagulates according to the basket [shape] they are placed in [under]. The idea is not original, it is only stated in a new way.

*GRAMOPHONE BEPUZZLION:* this is the seeker of truth in this age of mystical nonsense. The night fills our ears with nocturnal music. Nonsense is only a plethora of verbal activities turning to the

poetico-philosophical. *PROJECTOR/PROJECTIONIST* is the wheel in motion of verbosity coagulating like sour milk, but the projector/projectionist is master of the games of light and is overcast by the *BARON NAPOLEONIC NIGHT.*

These are the steps of my musical scale. I wrote them over sixteen novellas. It was a Design that came to me in dreams and in subjective glimpses I've had of reality, sometimes warped by my strange unwise senses. I say unwise because the senses in my case are always open, leading me slightly astray into illusion, but my many roots to pure theory conduct me to the purely formal, and in forms I can do anything. I can build a castle, a cathedral of nightmares, of ecstatic joys. I can climb mountains in filmic events, in my own phantasmagorian spectra of amusement *in poesis.*

Phenomenology is a sort of description of experience. Its method is one compressed to the strategic analysis of the processes of the mind so present in our consciousness, introspective intuitions, pure phenomena of spirit even before the causality of objects comes into the picture.

In a way, we have a spectral presentation. A video of sorts. *Stampede in C* is our choir invisible. It's our song. We called it tonal cinema because a)the thrownness makes us a perennial cascade down the mountainside, a film in tonal madness, relating to tones in a scale, a musical scale, and b) a cinema because of the concatenation of the prose itself.

An imaginary piece only fortifies the mind, makes it have an implicit need to complete itself, to forward through dialectical movement; time is there for us to deliver the message. We do it in codes, in social codes, ethical codes, value codes à la Marx. He was a formulator. There have been many formulators, many John Stuart Mills. I reckon them to be logicians such as a Husserl, a mathematician, a Hilbert. I can look at the nineteenth century, the turn of the twentieth. I see a lot of movement on the planes of economics, philosophy. That's if we are to believe in planes. What are planes? In art, Deleuze says, there is a plane of composition. A plane of reference in science. A plane of immanence in philosophy. What do I believe? I feel that planes are the terrain in which concepts react with one another. Concepts are created and bounce off each other as though they were men jumping on springboards. In fact, man is involved exponentially. We form a lexicon of images and concepts by constantly conceptualizing. We eventually end up with a Critique in the strict sense, a bifurcating problematic of incipient business. It's hard to translate it at this point because we might still have a musical text. If read aloud, this prose can have a certain rhythm to it, fanfares in the ink spilled on the page, grey smoke-swirls around the edges. Husserl was a madman, or rather it was Mill who was severely depressed in his early twenties, Husserl was just a Buddhist monk in Western World clothes. Mill, in his 'System of Logic' (1843), said "Logic has often been called the Art of Reasoning. It's interesting what you can learn about logic. Particulars, Singulars, Universals. But you can learn much more by what the writer chooses as his or her examples. "All men are mortal" can easily be disguised as "Many cars are noisy", meaning that we could reinterpret the iconology of logic and make it a newer science. I think the city needs to slip into logic and mathematics, though I suspect it has already invaded mathematics, men and women with their eclectic systems, what they can make do with a simple symbolic system, all the figures that can be constructed. It's incredible. The human mind has no end. In this I am a Romanticist at heart. I believe in reiteration. I believe in silence too.

In other words, we require a documentary. I think I would call it 'Vortex'. That name suits what I am thinking of writing. I'd love to just sit down one of these nights and write for 8 hours. I miss writing for long periods of time, getting into the grit and grind of it all. Complex phrases. Take a look-see…

V *Fright:*

I am often struck with the feeling of aloneness, even when I am in a crowd. It doesn't take a crowd to feel togetherness, it takes friends. I often want to run away. I swear this takes me to Athens or Egypt, maybe even the Mayans in some ways. I don't want to be a Burroughs exactly. I'm not a Pound. I've instigated myself. I put my aims high. I'm just a reborn surrealist. I look at sculptures by Giacometti and they are real, they are standing there, small but potent. I see an existentialist warrior fashioning weapons, tools, to be a better fighter, with knowledge-swords and concept-shields. Fright hits you in the teeth, you don't have time to forfeit the game. I'm sorry but I lost a lot on this gig. I lost my time-position through historical readings. Historical writing [historiography] is one thing, and historical reading is quite another. The reading of history requires penmanship but more so does it necessitate a scattered reading, from one text to another; this was my method in art history, reading every text from the Romantic period, the Cubists. I did my best to read things written in that time, but my point is that in

historical reading we run from safety zone to safety zone, reading from one side, philosophy let's say, in 1927, and look at paintings from the same year, or poetry: *you will see discursive formations.* You will inherit the earth. I am half-Foucaultian. People in the eighteenth century were imprisoned for having deranged minds. I think that's the gist of it, that madness has been a major taboo for hundreds of years. Why do I mention it all of a sudden?

Studying historical texts I somehow relate to Michel Foucault. He did it best. His theory is viable, durable, pliable and ontologically profitable. It is the archaeology of science, of medicine, of logic, of knowledge. Husserl's influence can be seen, and Walter Benjamin too. All the eclectic philosophers working together through the weightless medium of time.

VI *Terror:*

The building blocks of a new manna, a new prayer for the swollen hearts of America. What is the history of a history? What is the difference between history and *a history*? History moves sideways while moving translaterally through the various levels abiding by time. All must at some time be personified. Personification allows for the easy retention of perceptibles. In the history of art history we find what the historian is doing. His science is one of re-beginnings, of redigestion, post-signification eruption of facts, when they stretch beyond all stretching, when the idea bursts like a pustule. This takes us to the brink of the beginning of the philosophy of art where logic and pure theory are first diagnosed. A metaphysic of art movements follows as well as a phenomenology of the art thinker.

We must deal with aesthetics, and I say we must deal because art history is concerned with education; we have art criticism and the art experience. In the following section we would have the semiotics of visual culture, iconology, the symbol and the sign, film theory [phenomenology of film, film philosophy], textbooks, tables, and tonal cinema.

A practical [synthetic] section is needed in the art history [not the history of art, which is another thing]. In the practical section, we deal with the practise of painting, technique and technology, figures, perspective, and proportion. The closing of the argument treats the physics of light and of sight, color theory, and a critique of the concepts of art history. This is the function of art history. This is how its fibre is constructed; this is how it moves, translaterally. History begins with assumptions on the movement of time, of the make-up of change, constants and proportionalities. I see figures in History, sort of like conceptual personae, but more like simple concepts, like, for instance, the concept of cutting into a dialectic, of opening a book and catching it mid-course in its linear involvement. This figure of penetration is an important one. Open the book; close the book. Then there is the figure of Dissecting, of taking apart a discourse, of analyzing. All these figures of history come together and form the science of historiography, for I am speaking of the work of the historian who writes texts called histories.

The assumptions of the historian have to do with how time is perceived, how space is perceived and on which hypotheses both react with one another [what are the laws?]. There is a dialectic of time and space on which the whole of science is fabricated.

Real tonal cinema is when a function in a science is given a voice as a personification or a figure. A figure for art history might be Comparison. It holds its weight in copper. Many other things can be said of the figure, forming a concept of one of art history's facets. In making it figural, we are hoping to lead to a true and honest cinema, for what is film, is it not the power of moving images? Is film not an experience, as is reading and writing? This is a transfigured film event. This is -graphy. It could be geography or teleography [automatic writing]. Proportion deals with balance. Tone balance, color balance, chemical balance in the brain [art history leads from art to human psychology, neurology, biology, and/or from psychology to pure art theory]. Vortex was always envisioned as a purely theoretical text, a sort of textbook essay on the physics of my cinema. And so in closing, Vortex will be a full exhibition in itself.

The terror is our own terror. We constructed it. We divined its truths, its figure, shape. The vibration of sound takes over. Our system is flushed. No reward till guillotine day. The only thing we are left with is a search for evidences. In such a way shall we find the true image of History.

VII *Alarm:*

Eight o'clock in the morning, the train is riding home. Western skies an eclipse wavering in the grey-black sky. Ride in the caravan to the market in San Pedro. They'll take you straight to the market in San Pedro. Take the caravan with alarum bells.

TONE
Stretched across a canvas in cryptic formation,
To be sure, a pretty heavy mesh, a fabrication
Forth, on the map, stating the status and label
Exact, of the morning time rhyme.
When lo the
Mesh is sealed with solitude, milk and blood,
The Rivers are swollen. Tone is in the blood,
Is in the genetic structure. A text read sidewise
Through the crest of the wave, the silhouette;
Writing has become a codical technifying
Enunciation.
Wax on the envelope, tears in the Eye
Of Bacchus; 'Man with a movie camera', 1920, Chelovek.
The truth is in the pudding. We built this highway,
let us drive over it for heaven's sake.
Stories about a man
walking to work every day in the afternoon, to where
he works at the factory a tiring job. But as he works
we begin to see shots from a man in a projectionist's booth
with a projector and sound module, splicing tape.
I said, splicing tape in the projection-booth. I said I said—
Cut, splice, meditation in the blackbooth room illuminated.

TONE
It's passing back and forth, being emitted, transmitted,
While it bifurcates like knowledge, garden knowledge tree
a metaphysical adumbration with no linguistic equivalent.

It passes like ravines, methods map out the wonderworks—
For live it if it were painful, the drying dumb hunger nuptials;
P.C. Equivalent, the runner's accolade, O martian haptic attributes,

*The longer we know metals or medals of a victory in silence.*

Therefore it forms lines across the page. The writing, that is.
Therein our waves do culminate, yes, the apposite creative moments,
The structures being laid down like cobbles forming your road home.

These are units that create codes of reason, entering metaphysical
dis-co-ordination [further delocalizing of the already acentral], a map
where you can move with thoughts, gain access to higher worlds,

*Using your mind in the field of hearts, the Spirit World, as engineer*
*of your own realm; thereto you fly and flirt with new consciousness*
*Guided by reason on the fluvial plains, the drenched mad country,*
*visiting a funeral motor-way by cars latticed in wolf hunger toothache.*

Lickety splits, The Wave is In Motion, cartooned in univocal wave chambers,
catalysis by the separate agents Paper, Hand, Pencil. We the waves we ran nautical
Through the splishysplash of water-cavern soap-fuellers, grum yakayic sava, pre- X-tensive

Motor by the wave canal of artifice reactor core, made mentioned—
pre- to the unity of a para-Celsius, just a degree off and it whacks
the system out of unity transmission guide-force.
We unite to conjunct the apogee.

We make faces in the earth and turn over stones with our stomachs. This is how we make budgets, this is the Capitalistica Royale. Turn Over pages that will rhyme and cut the heart's red glaze in motor-homes Caustic in the Animality of Montreal, red nights sea earth, the broken mantle and seed injunction, carapace over a sog war, the meters jumped and we mimicked the seashore. This was our carved out escapade. We made with what we had, the budget made by His perchanced motion of hand to pocket wiggle-fingers, grab a snatch of a two-dollar coin, beg and play music for coupla cashes. This is the dream of unified field theorists: *"They reward us with a near-perfect system, be it mathematical or nautical, a system with strength in decentered structure-find synapse substrata-work. This is how we do it in Nashville on the Radio. 1946, who are you? I'm a red beast in the Cajun mountains on my palate. I taste curry, I taste life in my mouth, the fizzling red earth of Mozambique, too young see you later."*

***

**VIII *Dread:*** *** ***

*Structural Film'(27) wider range influence arts re-appraisal formulation, important gestures. The semantic nature term 'Structural' criticised, minimal structures general term divided complex (polymorphic).*

*[1 + 2 + 3 + 4] [10]*
*[2 + 3 + 4 + 5] [14]*
*[3 + 4 + 5 + 6] [17]*
*[4 + 5 + 6 + 7] [22]*

*diagram'(28) category 'monomorphic structure' applied single form exhibiting structural pattern. concept-art represents an 'idea' comparative film cinematic 'units'. variations available. operates juxtaposition. The mathematical vertical level diagram X) represent the 'structure' reels of arbitrary film connection with one another. linear progression Tuesday juxtaposition occurs image fractures miniature film permutated phrases time-overlap embellishing complexity of film. Time-out. Monday night.*

; ;

**@@@@@**
**@ @**
**@ ? @**
**@ @**
**@@@@@**

1926. Polymer blankets. Construction tools. Transmaterialite.
1927. Time. This is the word that can't be exhibited in the garden of forking paths.

Yes, my novellas were stolen from the ideas of my historical situation. I don't claim my ideas are mine. It feels more at times that my ideas are determined by my particular historical situation. But 'Projector/Projectionist' comes from deep inside of me, it was the best abbreviation I could make of a complex of emotions and truths; it was the closest linguistic counterpart to an aesthetic of subtlety, experiential, relaxed; I know that the Surrealists were often involved in the happenstance of cinema's evolution. I'm familiar with the database of images which are Hitchcock's, Pollock is cinematic and I come straight down the same line as him; Cubism is cinematic too.

Surrealism is something that happened in all French colonies [and in the mainland], Quebec included. There are Surrealists of all nations. The historical situation in Quebec right now is strongly Surrealist; and cinema immediately follows. Quebecois culture is cinematic; the experiences, contes, chansons. The figure of Story-Teller is strong. There's a Freudian and a Jungian influence in the Surrealism of Quebec. Wheels of symbolism. Rimbaud fits perfectly in Quebec in 2001. I believe the whole world is experiencing a come-back of Surrealism, or a Surrealism that never went away. I can only truly speak, however, of my own historical situation [definition: time and place]. The Jungian side is that ideas are linked in a communal mind. The Freudian is automatic poetry/prose and automatic painting. Jean-Paul Riopelle is still alive, and is Quebec's version of Jackson Pollock [or maybe that title goes to one of Riopelle's mentors, Paul-Emile Borduas, who passed away in the 60s I think]. Jackson Pollock has links to surrealism; action painting falls under emotional or haptic surrealism. It's chaotic and attempts at the illusion of non-formalness.

Journalist: “Maybe we can now see who is Freudian, who is Jungian, who is Lacanian; who is Kantian, who is Hegelian, and who is Marxist!”

Academician: “The image of history is curling infinitely inward. It forms the puzzle we must reinterpret. Calm down, gather your notes, we must write the Work of History: a transcendental piece of criss-crossing, labyrinthine paradoxicality.”

***

Tonal Cinema is the effect of history on writing. Rhetoric covers writing in pretty much the closest contact premising possible. That would be the philosophy of rhetoric. Tonal Cinema is the inner workings of language in motion. Language erupts like a volcano if you know how to use it.

Language tells the history of the world. Philosophical discourse tells the history of concepts. Tonal Cinema, we have said, falls under the same category as an imaginary piece of music. In this way it is allegorical: *the imaginary part is the allegorical content/context, the code of the riddle.*

We see images of total disaster on planet earth, a nuclear winter after the war of all wars. Burroughsian characters plague the streets rhyming and reasoning and carrying strange radios, tape recorders, huge speakers broadcasting the Word. This is not a new story about the Word: *that has been a long tradition of story-telling, THIS, on the other hand, is fragmented poetico-rhythmics in prose syntax playing with the Tone knob.*

It is a black gymnopedic opera. Black as in ironic, satirical. Rhetorical wizardry. Iconic stature for the code-word. Art history is made up of words. The science of signification relates between relations. We have carnival wheels, a flaming sun; lo, the eclipse! the sun is going mad, black! and backward!

Building an army of prose to battle the senses in the war fatale of existence, ravaging between nothingness and that statuary quality of stone being, which is backward, reversed, retroverted. This mixed labyrinth of emotional atmospherics, ambient affects, micropolitics of interior movement. We have a House with 2 floors on stage; two rooms, two floors, two actors. A director walks in on the first floor and talks to the first actor. He’s telling him his lines, the way he wants him to play his part. The director leaves and the actor begins practising his part. The director walks into the second floor [room] and tells the second actor what he is to practise. The second actor practises as the director goes back to the first floor to speak again with the first actor. Once the director is finished, he leaves and goes to the second floor with the second actor. As he does this, the first actor listens in on the conversation. When the director comes to the first floor with his camera crew, the clever first actor recites the second actor’s lines. The director runs into the second floor room and the second actor is forced to immediately learn the lines of the first actor because they can’t afford to waste any tape. He does his best but he mixes up the first actor’s lines with his lines. The director decides that he will have the first actor act out the part of the second actor, since he has a better memory, and the second actor will read the second lines, and so in a sort of lip-synch, the first actor wearing a different costume, will appear as another actor, therefore making do with what the director has at hand.

***

*We are laying out the living lexicon of our science of art history,*
*more particularly, film theory, since this is Tonal Cinema.*

***

IX *Departure:*

Waiting till the morning comes. The earlier the better for the warring fellowship. Ship leaves harbor at 7AM. Tonal Cinema always ends in the theatrical. It holds pieces of history as horrible as the French Revolution proffered forth from silence. I don’t want to be taken to the Bastille. I’m a free man as long as I have my Jacob and my Dove. Do you know the story of the man in the *cachot* and his family of rats? The *cachot* is a sort of solitary confinement. This man, during the French Revolution, named Latude, escaped several times from the Bastille. In the *cachot*—after his first escapes he was put there—he met with a family of rats, and fed them. He wrote on pieces of bread with diluted blood. He knew the whole life cycle of the rats. At any rate, I feel I’ve got my own family of rats, except they are imaginary. They swarm around my head and keep me diseased. But the rats are also an antidote to the poison. It’s a pharmakon relationship I have with them; poison/antidote, cancer/cure.

The train passes once every hour. We can watch it or we can hop on for a long night’s flight through the mountain hills and aspiration’s meadow-way. The truth is that the lexicon is a *living* lexicon, is constantly changing. What was Tone a moment ago is Relevance, Relation, Rootedness.

I can't stop the worms from growing from each half I cut. The worm has the same anatomy as Tonal Cinema: *you make a cut and a head grows back, like the Hydra.* Our job is to remove everything except the raw framework of a Text. This is text that is growing as the machinery gyrates firmly.

The actual Vortex is seen in the machinery of language. This is not just a romanticized notion of Text, this is the truth behind poetry; poetry is the spray that glistens over the waterfall of pure white noise. The Vortex is ideational AND mechanical.

A waking dream. Leaving in the morning after an agitated sleep. Take a walk to the bus stop to make it to the big city. Must have coffee in Montreal by 2 o'clock. Structured by the logician's will, formulated in the whim of a momentary lapse of reason; come two o'clock, the coffee will do the talking whilst I sit and watch the images fly passed.

*******

Hollowed streets, the tubercular sidewalks
and nothing-straits down the to-do list road.
        All is the semblance of a rose,
        all is the black funeral march;
                Represents naught
                like rain through the funnel.
Products of the rainy season, when all is soaked
and mothers bring in the dry clothes, always
        a moment before the rain starts
        because mothers have a special sense
                and automobiles drive fast
                through the puddles in the rain;
Represents fire, the glowing whorehouse flame.
Nothing too peculiar about the Mayan Elvis
        or the roads leading nowhere
        when I seek all I get are letters
                and the story-board unfolds
                like apple sauce to the floorboards soups.
Bullets peter out the bruin brain, salt is dissolved,
the table is situated in the center of a circular room;
So watch me, do, I'll positively flush the druid heart
full of lifeless tears to stomach the boar's mood
in alpine, methodical spuriousness.
        Watch the hours flash! the clock's too fast!
        This indecision is rocking the whorehouse blue.
                We'll wheel the sisters through
                and bottle Bucks till our pockets
                next meet sour news.

*******

Departure at 7 o'clock; leave me. Can I leave me? I'm not thrilled being me anymore. The me has changed drastically. Withdrawn, we meet ourselves on the day's great plain, the valley extending North, East, South, and West. We feel withdrawn because we have lost the guts to face ourselves. Far be it to relieve ourselves of the duty of self-love. We'd carouse around the park and be wed to an image.

West of nil is East of nothing. The part played by Departure equates alliance with favoritism. All is in the right place, the poles are aligned, and Dizzy Gilespie swings like a gazelle in heat season. Marshal Mad-mouth sings rhymes to the break of night's waves crests along the rivershore. A la manière d'une poule qui cogne à la porte… quatre, quatre, quatre, quatre, quatre, un, neuf.

Weatherbeaten, ravaged by time's lapse, unifying, decentering, bronze madhouse, clergy of Mount Everest Climbers; sad to say the revolution passed by when we were out of town, the revolution moved through streets funnelling the cheapness of a mind and five fingers, prized, out-of-town ruiners, the situation is novel, switch—catalepsy isn't for the hard of mind, missing numbers to ape the neural code.

Swirls. A real vortex. A circle being formed with a compass. Geometers of all times united on the night of the new moon. Strong-men on the loose, loosened nightly tightly. A car waits outside, the

bruised bruit is excessive, reword the novel about the mechanics of ideas so that it fits with the current lingo.

Strain to keep it on the gilded edges majestic crux of my attentive phantasy, conjunct with a red alert fans on the horizon jive, full excelsior wit & whim, infallacious. I could digest thirty million texts being played out on the mantle of the for real just before me, a million and a trillion reality bytes captured by ailing senses. As we digest Persephone's seed, doomed to return to the underworld where once we had a crash, deep in the bowels, in the sad, sad earth, greenish-red and bright orange flames, rusty, cool blue wisp, all the levels of fiery existence, ashen pilasters in the grim gargoyle depths, black as Nyx's veil closing in over earth and her moon friend appears. "Do this for the little ones, so that they can grow to be kings and queens. Do this for the little ones, I say, so that they can eventually see the dark and twisted backward exhibition.

Children, we must tell you that we love you. We must tell you, your mother and I, that there exists an aesthetic experience called the green-black backwards. We have done this before. The green-black backwards is a green bench at night in a park. Time is sitting at the bench. The Boy from the Cemetery was sent to the cemetery by the Baron. The cemetery is in the park. Old man Temporal Hourglass works on a crossword puzzle[words: beads, gems, stones, emerald]. The Boy runs to the cemetery to give a message to someone in the underworld, in the spirit world of the cemetery at night when all creatures parade in a death dance. Trauma is the keyword, the shock sentence. And the Boy is messenger, always in a safe haven, even in the cemetery.

X *Withdrawal:*

No food for 5 miles. No food for smiles. The calculation is a withdrawal. Withdraw the metaphor's meaning. We enter into iconology at once. We need icons in a film linguistic. The projector is being painted. Reload the camera.

Relentless until the day is long. Longer the better, says the caravan-driver. I'm least of all suspected of the murder. Dawn is not the time to shed tears. Rejoice! the covenant is broken! Remit the seals or we'll see hell in seconds.

Ropes to the bell-tower bell, ding dang dong, the bell's a-ringing. Who is about one third the distance away? Who will ring it, sire? Castaways in the land of the Dark, the frozen mutterings of a wolf in alpine super-heights. Cast me a die, I need the money to finish the painting. Projectors, lo ho winter ho!

Valley-graven cast in math'matic splash, a crash on the Vespers of unity supervised, consulate through to the ivy river that lies in the mud and underbrush of Lost Hopes Canyon. Meet the treefolk. Create a supervised calamitous intervention into economy of hopes, cash into the buy and mail favor internship, cascading river of meek aspiration, court of queerdom, militancy in fibre of daisy hedgerow.

Lay waste to haste caverns. Indecency of moment's moorings. Credence to lay awake at night in exact dormitories. We are the fox-hunt in hazy caverns of moment, do-little in the pre-morning moments talking to the radio, exactifying a long serenade of tangible mediums co-extensive in a parade to terror's feeling in the high-brights of afternoon.

The first part is a weaving, knotted ropes, a rainbow of colors. The second is boxes, stacks and stacks of boxes and books. The third part is color, pure color, and pure theory. I can't exactly say where I learned this practise of art history, it just came to me in a dream, I guess. No, I'm lying, I researched it from the philosophy of art [including the logic of art history] to aesthetics, to film theory and the study of representation. What needs to be done is a textbook of the concepts of art history in the form of a critique dissecting and synthesizing the long list of useful concepts applicable to that science. I am to *withdraw* the lessons to be learned. Tonal Cinema is the textbook style in the English language.

XI *Fear:*

At the foremost edge of what's for real. We might not always want to go to these places. Sometimes it is better to talk about cool meadows in the morning, or the sea swelling in its ebb and flow. Great Fluxus, how have you been? Any abstract expressionists in the room? I will write a poem about a painting by Pierre Puvis de Chavannes called 'L'Histoire' [1866]. It is a decorative panel for the Hotel Vignon. And so, we commence:

Eve statuesque, a nude at sunset
Adam holds a small tree to cover her;

who is using a stylus on the paper
that Eve holds, or is it a stone tablet
on which history writes?
The lady with the pinion is in a grave turquoise,
Eve with her bandanna is nudest can be,
in a classical sculpture pose, with the chalk board;
writing materials, three figures,
ruins in the background,
The moon vaguely luminous in the far back
through a grave blue sky, green-blue;
History through various movements,
hiding the nude mannequin
that holds the stone tablet
on which the wise one carves,
History, Historian, man in a dance pose
holding the leaves to hide Eve's nuden beauty on the steps.
Tree, leaf, nakedness, trinity, aqua-blue, stone steps,
ruins in the back, a Symbolist masterpiece,
the three forms of history, the figures:
Eunuch, Scribe, Nakedness,
history's dramatic shape,
forming a circle,
in 1866, 22 years before Kodak's release
of the portable camera to the mass public.
Eunuch holding a branch from the tree of knowledge,
'hiding' with knowledge, veiling with the use of knowledge
the true heart of what is actual, because the beauty of
the naked human body is what is most sensual, sensuous,
sensorial. The Scribe looks at an engraving on a rock,
so we see the figure of the *Copier*.

*What is the allegory?*

It is the imitation of nature on the fresh pages, writing the truth,
what is empirical factual knowledge, a knowledge which shadows
the lightest part of the painting, the nude woman, the subject
directly in the center. The eunuch is faceless. The nude is hiding
herself from the Scribe with the stone tablet. History is the nude woman.

*The allegory is History being hidden to the slaves and hidden to the writers of the naked truth. The tablet is Time, the engraving is Time; History holds time in its palm, the Scribe uses Time to hide the naked truth of History. The slave is veiling History, giving it a dark past.*

The Scribe is two-thirds green-blue
perhaps hinting that History comes from sailors who explored new lands, for the Scribe's veils, blue-green and white, and the almond hue of the skin, a boat writing the history, plagiarizing it, hiding history by the process of writing, taking the focus away from History by writing. The tree of Knowledge in this painting forms a diagonal line across the panel.

Knowledge [as vegetation] is also ornamental. It forms patterns across the panel.
Ruins are in the background. The steps are at the foreground because History stands
on steps, which represent Change, like the steps of a transformation, of change, the levels, the degrees on the wheel, the circle.

Naked History, stands on the steps of transformation hiding herself from the Scribe who copies nature with the medium of writing, veiled by the faceless masses
who use knowledge to erase the naked truth of History. Maybe the faceless masses are casting shadows on the medium of text and naked history, tainting its appearance.

In the painting called ‘L’histoire’ by Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, made in 1866, we have the paper, the stylus and the tree directly in the center with History’s bandanna around her head [wreath]. The stylus, parchment, and tree actually touch, forming a unity, medium, the stylus and paper coming from the tree, the birth of paper, of naked history. The faceless automatons hang onto the tree of knowledge that gives birth to paper pencil and writing. It is on purpose that architecture makes a dark cameo appearance in the background with the moon. in the dark past, buildings of knowledge were conceived, created, erected, and were broken by time. The perfect sculptural pose of History represents a Canon of ideas.

XII *Panic:*

You are in the cavern immersed in darkness, spinning in spirals, in the ideational/experiential vortex, vomiting and dancing until you pass out only to get back up and dance some more when you awaken. Panic is the stabilizer. Dread is a feeling of terror in the gut.

There arises always a dualism which can be synthesized into a unity. I imagine a certain circus where all the things perceived by all the members of the long history of humanity are stored. There’s a pinwheel for all the astronomer’s perceptions of the Milky Way, a clown represents all the discoveries made underwater in the ocean’s busy body. One atop the other, these billions and trillions of perceptions pile up to reveal a perceived world that though it is extensive is still only a small percentage of the universe. Man will never catch up to reality, he will always be far behind with a few measly perceptions. Equivalently, we could imagine a world of ideas where all of humanity’s ideas exist. This world is larger than the perceived world, but still doesn’t compare to the great bulk of the universe. We are far behind, it seems.

But why would we want to equate with reality in our perceptions and thoughts? I think that the point between materialism and idealism is worth some study. It is entirely possible to believe that the traditionally non-physical has material existence in our minds. We know that consciousness exists, and is consciousness not in this mid-point between materialism and idealism? It’s definition appears to be so.

*Shot I:*

A boat is coming into the harbor. A man stands waiting at the dock. We oscillate between an image of a grandfather clock and the sunset. It is 6PM on the clock; the sunset is bright orange.

*Shot II:*

We pan across a group of people standing on the dock. The film is silent except for ragtime piano of Russian influence. The men’s faces show horror, sadness, fright. The boat is sinking as silent sailors watch. The music fades and we see a sky full of sparkling stars.

*Shot III:*

The river by the Jacques Cartier bridge in Montreal on the Longeuil side. The river Richelieu by the St-Hilaire/Beloeil bridge on the St-Hilaire side, in the summer at daybreak. An old man with a straw hat in an apple orchard in the fall, in St-Hilaire, with a big smile and missing teeth with an apple in his hands; he takes a bite out of the apple.

*Shot IV:*

Panic at rush hour downtown Montreal on a Friday. Close up of a stop sign: all goes silent, camera pans across a dark cloudy sky.

*Shot V:*

People walking on St-Catherine street in Montreal in the middle of the day. The camera pans across a hundred walking feet and legs. Varèse’s ‘Ionisation’ booms in the background. We see a mime with real tears streaming down his face. An apple on an antique wooden table.

The time has come to close this piece of literature. What was it about? It was about an ideational vortex, a vortex of ideas, ideas piled on top of one another, creating a vortex of prose. This marks the end of a sixteen novella set called ‘The Exhibition in Tonal Cinema’. I’ve been working on it for close to four years. It’s my magnum opus. They say writers write their best stuff during their

twenties. I'm twenty-three, that means I've still got lots of time to write great works of literature. I wonder what I will write next. Maybe something about Beethoven. Maybe something about Projectors and the Cinema. I have an obsession with the cinema, with the semiotics of cinema.

I thank whatever reader made it to this point, for he or she is ultimately patient. It was a dirty work, and by that I mean it was rough around the edges. In their twenties, writers may write great works of literature, but it's well into their thirties and forties that true genius enters into the game, or that a mastery over the art of writing takes place. How old was Immanuel Kant when he wrote his 'Critique of Judgment'?

Therefore we have sixteen novellas pure and simple. In this particular novella, we travelled through Egypt, through the trenches of the mind, through spatio-temporal vortices. Again, I thank you for reading this, and if it helped you make a few realizations, all for the better! Enjoy your life, we've only got one to live. Let it be said that we should always make the best of our lives, for life is sacred.

***

**THE END**

***